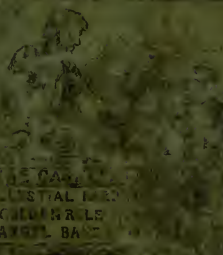
THE

BASKET.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL PERIODICAL.



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THE

CASKET

OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL MELODIES.

BY ASA HULL,

AUTHOR OF "STAR OF THE EAST," "SABBATH SCHOOL GEM," "VESTRY CHIMES," &c.

X 8059.61

BOSTON:

FOR SALE BY JAMES P. MAGEE,

No. 5 CORNHILL.

B. M.
Nov. 16, 1894. 2.

PREFACE.

In compiling the "Casket," it has been the leading object of the author to furnish the largest amount of *new* music in the smallest space possible, without using type so small as to be troublesome to read.

Most of the music and many of the hymns herein published are held as copyright property by the author.

Particular attention has been given to the arrangement of Solos, Duets, Choruses, etc., for the sake of variety, and the better accommodation of those getting up Monthly Concerts, Sunday-School exhibitions, etc.

In most cases all parts have been written which can be played upon the instrument as an accompaniment to the voice, great care being exercised that the instrument does not mar the effect by a boisterous or careless perfor[illegible]nce of the harmony parts. In the absence of an instrument, all parts may be sung by a single voice on each part, [illegible]n cases where that is impracticable, all parts may sing full chorus regardless of the directions given.

The directions are given in so plain terms that it is hardly possible to mistake their meaning. Still, for the s[illegible]r uniformity, it is thought best to designate the sense in which they are used. First, Solo always designates the Melo[illegible] or Soprano, as the part to be sung where all parts are written, the instrument playing the harmony parts. D[illegible]t applies to the Sop. and Alto. Soli indicates one voice on each of the parts written. Tutti follows Soli and indicates the same as full chorus, — that all the voices sing on their respctive parts. Trio applies to Sop., Alto, and Bass. Semi-Chorus implies that a portion of the school sing the melody, or all parts written, as the taste of the director may decide, reserving the main force for the full chorus.

The music will be found to be of a cheerful and pleasing character; and those pieces marked Allegro, Animato, Lively, etc., should be sung quite fast, but care should be taken *not* to sing those tunes marked Moderato as fast as those marked Allegro. Experience proves the notion so prevalent among the friends of Sunday-Schools that children cannot be interested in any music short of the fife and drum movement to be fallacious. Not that we would recommend long-drawn strains and doleful sounds, but the musical taste far too prevalent for something flighty, light and worthless has reached such a pitch as to react as a positive injury to those we would do good.

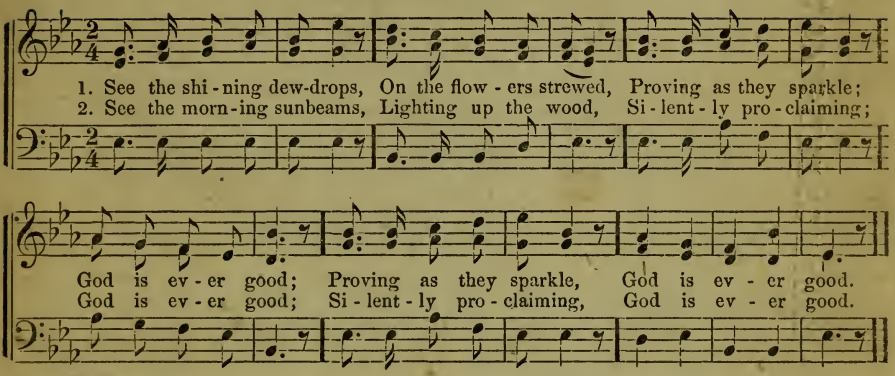
For the sake of the experiment will choristers using this book select such pieces as "Jesus our Friend," "Jesus paid it all," "Flee to your Mountain," "Nearer, my God, to thee," "Rock of Ages," etc., learning them thoroughly, giving the children the same chance to learn them as other tunes of a more rapid movement? Then give them an opportunity to show their preference, and you will soon learn they can be interested in music which is really good, even if it does not move with the rapidity of the wind.

Teach the children more of the good substantial music, coupled with good words worth learning and remembering; by so doing, you will prepare them to join in the songs of praise when they come into your prayer-meetings, and they will have acquired a fund of religious knowledge more easily than in any other way, which will have its influence upon them for good as long as they live.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by ASA HULL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

THE CASKET.

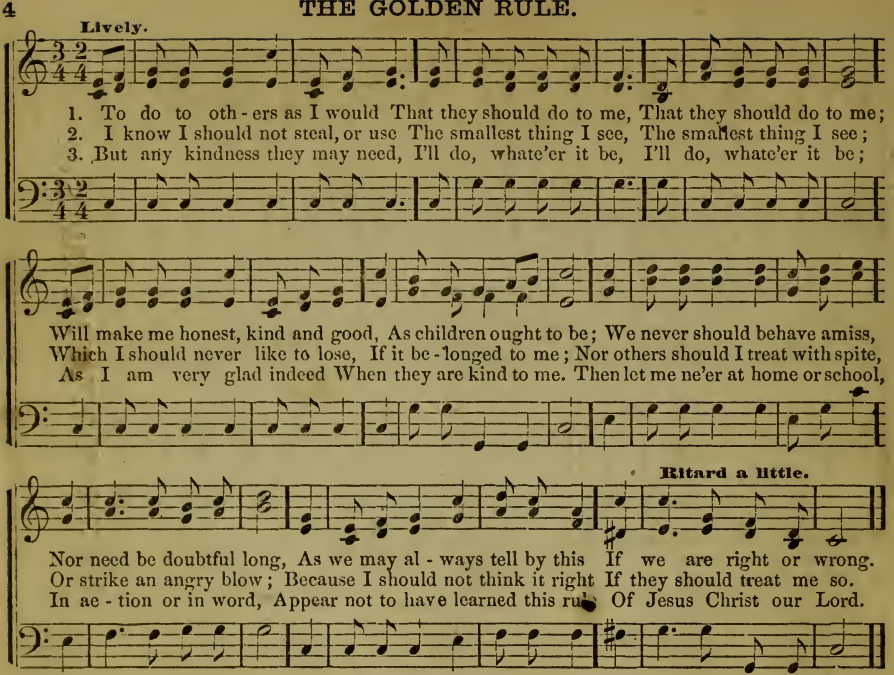
INFINITE GOODNESS.

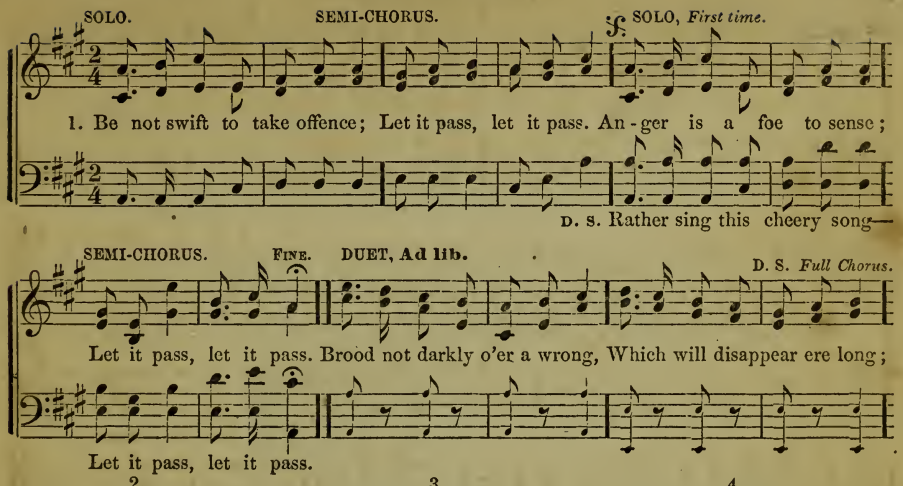

1. See the shi - ning dew-drops, On the flow - ers strewed, Proving as they sparkle;
2. See the morn - ing sunbeams, Lighting up the wood, Si - lent - ly pro - claiming;
God is ev - er good; Proving as they sparkle, God is ev - er good.
God is ev - er good; Si - lent - ly pro - claiming, God is ev - er good.

3. Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its rippling saying;
God is ever good.

4. In the lofty treetops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing;
God is ever good.

THE GOLDEN RULE.


Lively.
1. To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, That they should do to me;
2. I know I should not steal, or use The smallest thing I see, The smallest thing I see;
3. But any kindness they may need, I'll do, whate'er it be, I'll do, whate'er it be;
Will make me honest, kind and good, As children ought to be; We never should behave amiss,
Which I should never like to lose, If it be - longed to me; Nor others should I treat with spite,
As I am very glad indeed When they are kind to me. Then let me ne'er at home or school,
Ritard a little.
Nor need be doubtful long, As we may al - ways tell by this If we are right or wrong.
Or strike an angry blow; Because I should not think it right If they should treat me so.
In ac - tion or in word, Appear not to have learned this rule Of Jesus Christ our Lord.


SOLO.
SEMI-CHORUS.
SOLO, First time.
1. Be not swift to take offence; Let it pass, let it pass. An-ger is a foe to sense;
D. S. Rather sing this cheery song—
SEMI-CHORUS.
FINE.
DUET, Ad lib.
D. S. Full Chorus.
Let it pass, let it pass. Brood not darkly o'er a wrong, Which will disappear ere long;
Let it pass, let it pass.

2.

Strife corrodes the purest mind,
Let it pass, let it pass.
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive,
Let it pass, let it pass.

3.

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dew drop on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass, let it pass.

4.

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Lay those homely words to heart,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Follow not the giddy throng—
Better to be wronged than wrong,
Therefore sing the cheery song,
Let it pass, let it pass.

THE CELESTIAL HARP.

Music by A. HULL.
Words by WM. ROSS WALLACE.

SOLO or DUET

1. Murmur on, murmur on, O thou Harp of the Blest, In our childhood's sweet
2. Murmur on, murmur on, with your soft, bliss-ful tone, Wafting childhood's pure

INST. SOFT.

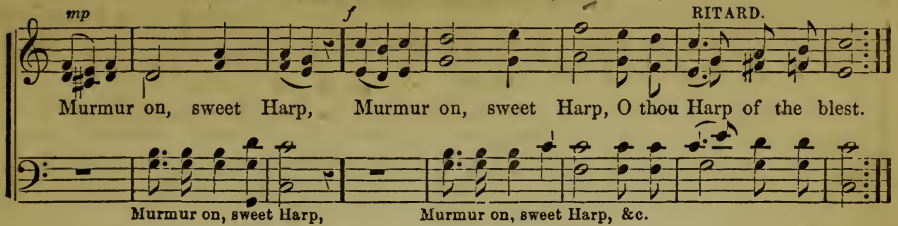
DUET.

choir on this dear day of rest; Murmur on, till we sweep thee with those Harps above,
soul to the heavenly throne; Where he waits who once whispered o'er life's troubled sea,

CHORUS. *P*

That the angels sweep ev-er for mer-cy and love. Mur-mur on, sweet Harp,
"Suffer dear lit-tle chil-dren to come unto me." Mur-mur on, &c.

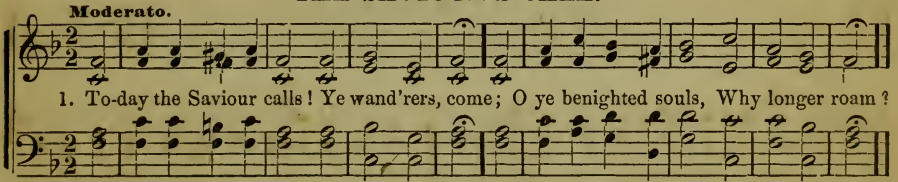
Murmur on, sweet Harp,



3.

Murmur on, murmur on, all your sanctified lore,
Wreathing harmonies over that "Beautiful Shore."
"O, 'tis glorious" thus to be soothed by the hymn,
Singing bliss never-fading, and stars never dim.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.



2.

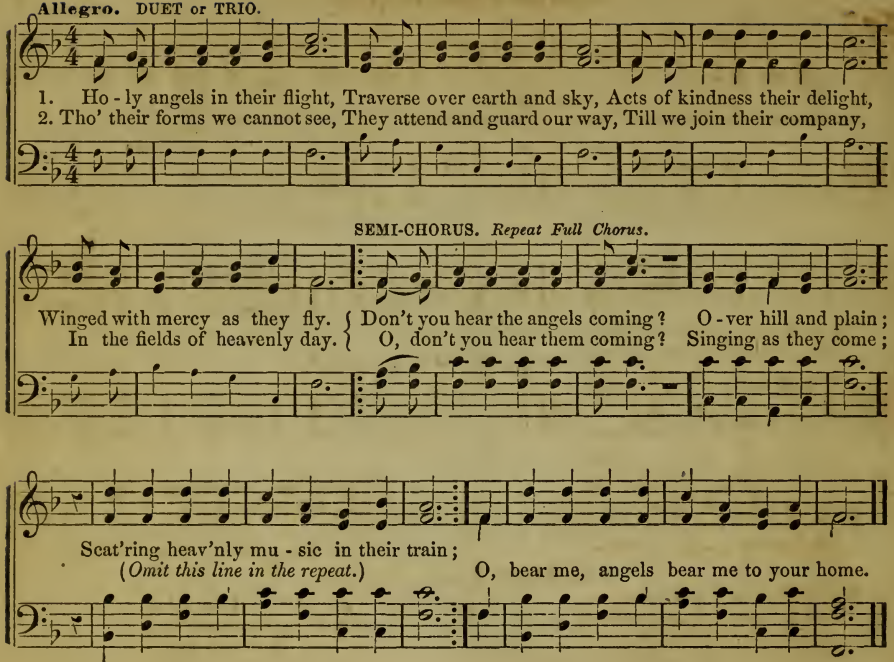
To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

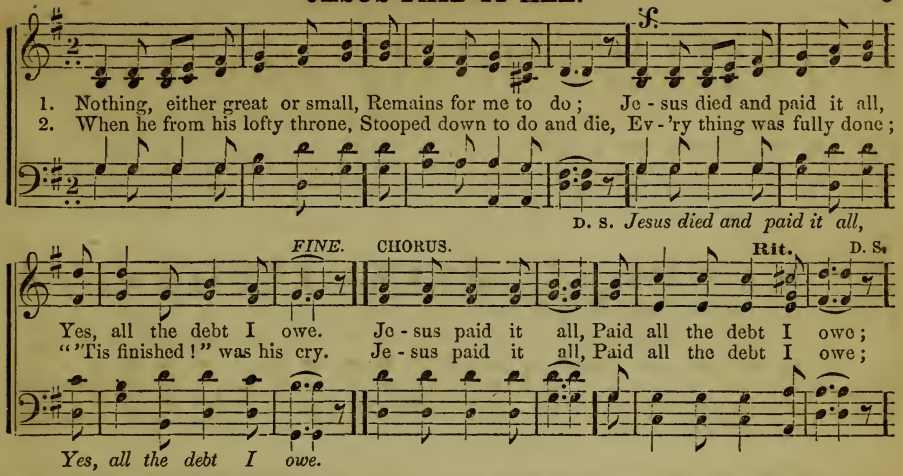
3.

To-day the Saviour calls!
O hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4.

The Spirit calls to-day—
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.


Allegro. DUET or TRIO.
1. Ho - ly angels in their flight, Traverse over earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight,
2. Tho' their forms we cannot see, They attend and guard our way, Till we join their company,
SEMI-CHORUS. Repeat Full Chorus.
Winged with mercy as they fly. In the fields of heavenly day.
Don't you hear the angels coming? O, don't you hear them coming?
O - ver hill and plain; Singing as they come;
Scat'ring heav'nly mu - sic in their train;
(Omit this line in the repeat.)
O, bear me, angels bear me to your home.


1. Nothing, either great or small, Remains for me to do; Je - sus died and paid it all,
2. When he from his lofty throne, Stooped down to do and die, Ev - 'ry thing was fully done;
D. S. Jesus died and paid it all,
FINE.
CHORUS.
Rit.
D. S.
Yes, all the debt I owe. Je - sus paid it all, Paid all the debt I owe;
"'Tis finished!" was his cry. Je - sus paid it all, Paid all the debt I owe;
Yes, all the debt I owe.

3. Weary, working, plodding one,
O, wherefore toil ye so?
Cease your "doing"—all was done,
Yes, ages long ago. *Chorus.*

4. When to Jesus' work you cling,
By simple faith alone;
Trusting him will pardon bring,
Since Jesus all hath done. *Chorus.*

The Angel Band. *Concluded.*

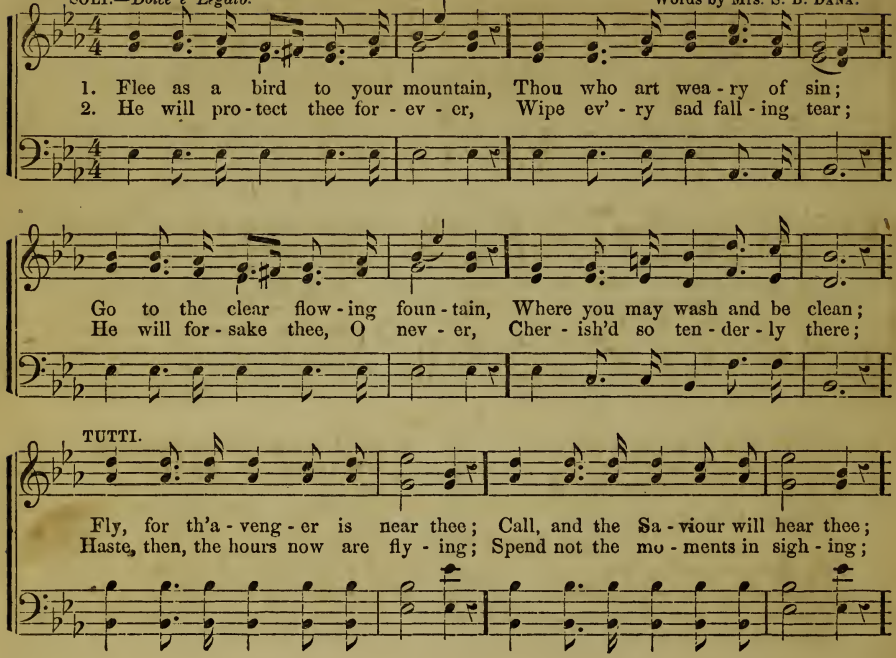
3. Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
O, how sweetly would we ring,
Thro' the world the Saviour's name. *Cho.*

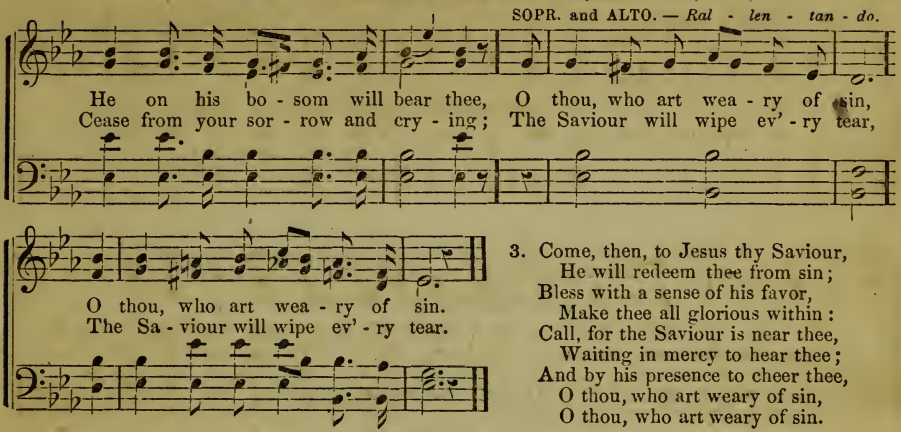
4. Yet methinks if I should die,
And become an angel too,
I, perhaps, like them might fly,
And the Saviour's bidding do. *Chorus.*

FLEE TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.

SOLI.—*Dolce e Legato.*

Words by Mrs. S. B. Dana.


1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
2. He will pro - tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev' - ry sad fall - ing tear;
Go to the clear flow - ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will for - sake thee, O nev - er, Cher - ish'd so ten - der - ly there;
TUTTI.
Fly, for th'a - veng - er is near thee; Call, and the Sa - viour will hear thee;
Haste, then, the hours now are fly - ing; Spend not the mo - ments in sigh - ing;


SOPR. and ALTO. — Ral - len - tan - do.
He on his bo - som will bear thee, O thou, who art wea - ry of sin,
Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing; The Saviour will wipe ev' - ry tear,
O thou, who art wea - ry of sin.
The Sa - viour will wipe ev' - ry tear.

3. Come, then, to Jesus thy Saviour,
He will redeem thee from sin;
Bless with a sense of his favor,
Make thee all glorious within:
Call, for the Saviour is near thee,
Waiting in mercy to hear thee;
And by his presence to cheer thee,
O thou, who art weary of sin,
O thou, who art weary of sin.

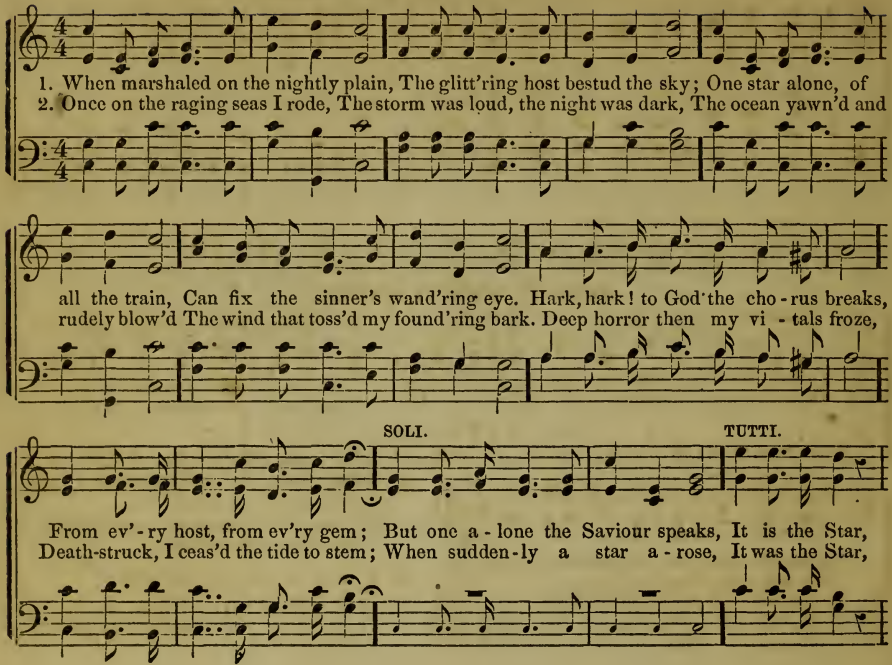
Tune—THE PROMISED LAND.

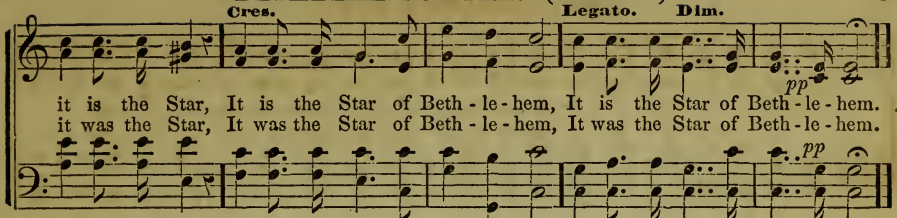
1. ‖: I have a Father in the promised land, :‖
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
Cho. ‖: I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, :‖
My Father calls me, &c.

2. ‖: I have a Saviour in the promised land, :‖
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
Cho. ‖: I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, :‖
My Saviour calls me, &c.

3. ‖: I have a crown in the promised land, :‖
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
Cho. ‖: I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land,:‖
When Jesus calls me, &c.

4. ‖: I hope to meet you in the promised land, :‖
At Jesus' feet a joyous band:
We'll praise him in the promised land.
Cho. ‖: I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, :‖
At Jesus' feet, &c.

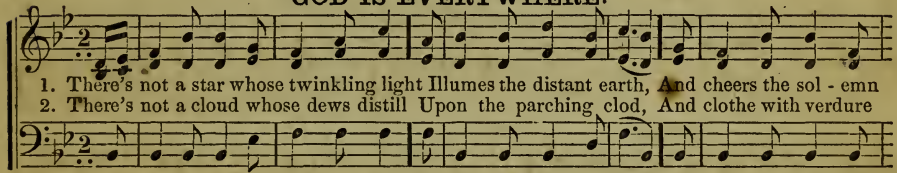

1. When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host bestud the sky; One star alone, of
2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawn'd and
all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye. Hark, hark! to God the cho - rus breaks,
rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark. Deep horror then my vi - tals froze,
SOLI.
TUTTI.
From ev' - ry host, from ev'ry gem; But one a - lone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem; When sudden - ly a star a - rose, It was the Star,


Cres.
Legato.
Dim.
pp
pp
it is the Star, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.
it was the Star, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.

3. It was my guide, my life, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

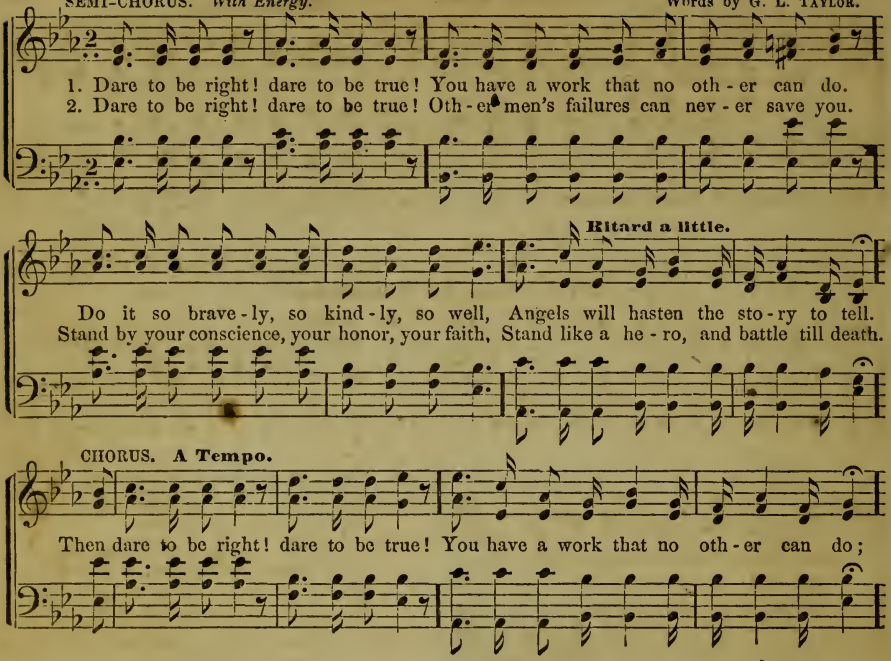

1. There's not a star whose twinkling light Illumes the distant earth, And cheers the sol - emn
2. There's not a cloud whose dews distill Upon the parching clod, And clothe with verdure
gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth.
vale and hill, That is not sent by God.

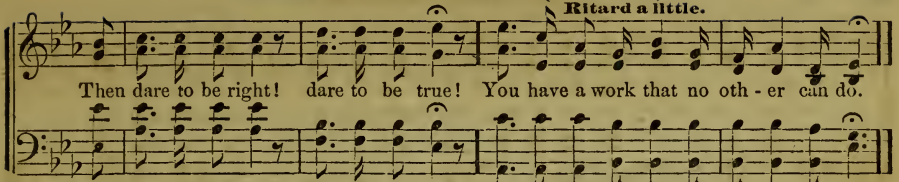
3. There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

4. Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

DARE TO BE RIGHT!

SEMI-CHORUS. *With Energy.* Words by G. L. Taylor.

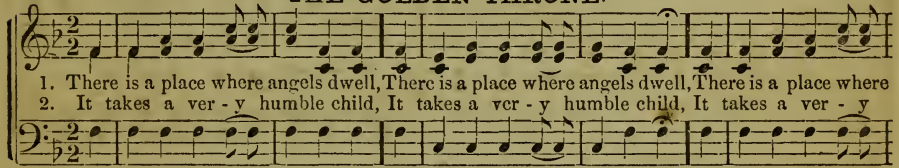

1. Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do.
2. Dare to be right! dare to be true! Oth - er men's failures can nev - er save you.
Ritard a little.
Do it so brave - ly, so kind - ly, so well, Angels will hasten the sto - ry to tell.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith, Stand like a he - ro, and battle till death.
CHORUS. A Tempo.
Then dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do;



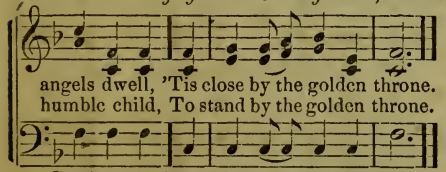
3. Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects ev'ry hair of your head. *Cho.*

4. Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cannot omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right. *Cho.*

THE GOLDEN THRONE.


1. There is a place where angels dwell, There is a place where angels dwell, There is a place where
2. It takes a ver - y humble child, It takes a ver - y humble child, It takes a ver - y

CHO. *Then always go to the Sunday school, Then always go to the Sunday school, Then always go to the*

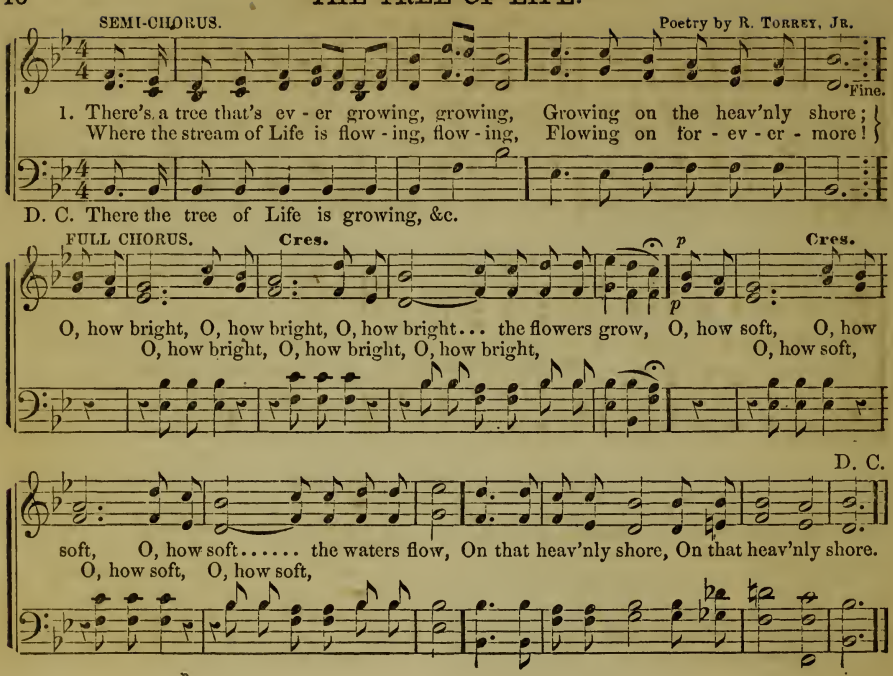

angels dwell, 'Tis close by the golden throne.
humble child, To stand by the golden throne.
Sunday school, And learn the golden rule.

3. We'll mingle with the angels bright, &c.
Around the golden throne.

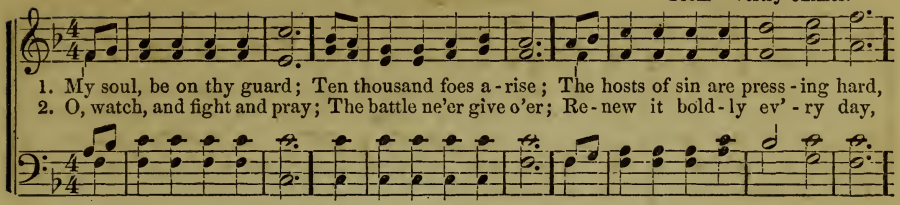
4. We'll wander by the river of life, &c.
That flows from the golden throne.

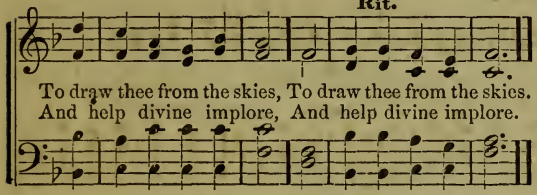
5. There' room enough for all to stand, &c.
Around the golden throne.

6. Dear parents will you meet us there, &c.
Around the golden throne.


SEMI-CHORUS.
Poetry by R. Torrey, Jr.
Fine.
1. There's a tree that's ev - er growing, growing, Growing on the heav'nly shore;
Where the stream of Life is flow - ing, flow - ing, Flowing on for - ev - er - more!
D. C. There the tree of Life is growing, &c.
FULL CHORUS.
Cres.
p
Cres.
O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how bright... the flowers grow, O, how soft, O, how
O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how soft,
D. C.
soft, O, how soft..... the waters flow, On that heav'nly shore, On that heav'nly shore.
O, how soft, O, how soft,

From "Vestry Chimes."


1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard,
2. O, watch, and fight and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly ev'-ry day,



3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

THE TREE OF LIFE. *Concluded.*

2.

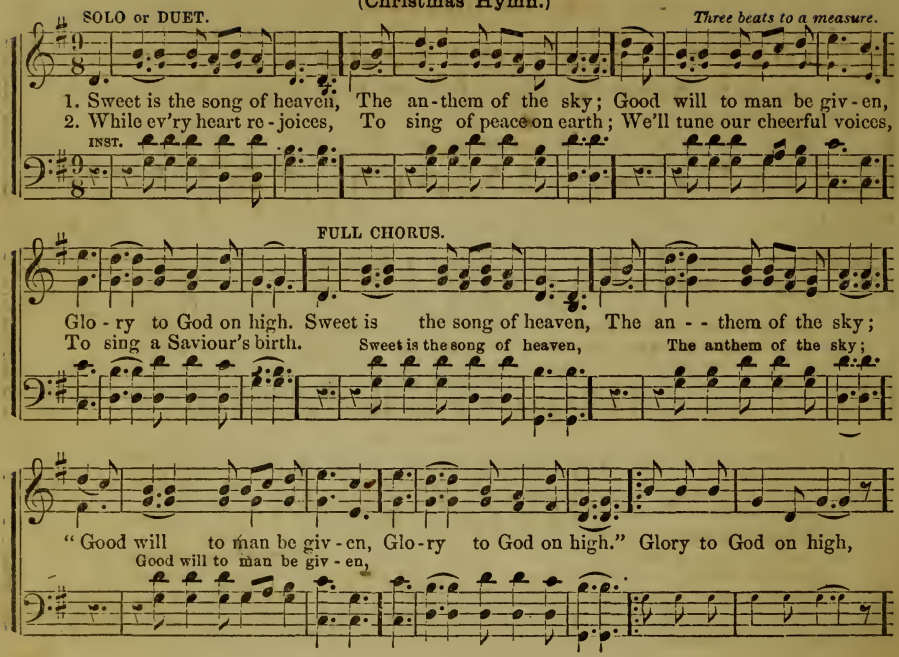
Its bright flowers are ever flinging, flinging,
Flinging perfume on the air,
While angelic harps are ringing, ringing,
Ringing heav'nly music there!
Oh, how sweet the angels sing,
Oh, how loud their glad harps ring,
In those regions fair!

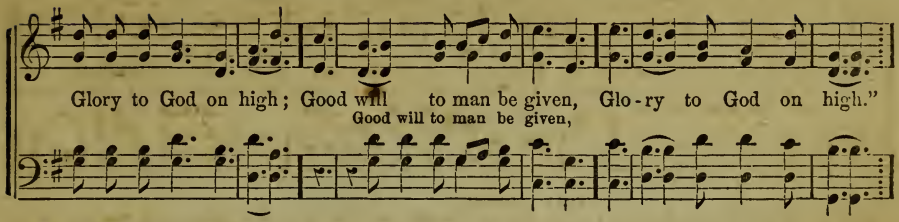
3.

Its green leaves are for the healing, healing,
Healing of the nations all;
Send the glorious tidings pealing, pealing,
Pealing like the trumpet's call!
Tell all men this wondrous tree
From all pain shall set them free,
If on Christ they call!

THE SONG OF HEAVEN.

(Christmas Hymn.)


SOLO or DUET.
Three beats to a measure.
1. Sweet is the song of heaven, The an-them of the sky; Good will to man be giv-en,
2. While ev'ry heart re-joices, To sing of peace on earth; We'll tune our cheerful voices,
INST.
FULL CHORUS.
Glo-ry to God on high. Sweet is the song of heaven, The an--them of the sky;
To sing a Saviour's birth.
Sweet is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky;
"Good will to man be giv-en, Glo-ry to God on high." Glory to God on high,
Good will to man be giv-en,



3. Publish the great salvation;
Repeat the joyful strain,
Through every land and nation,
O'er every hill and plain.
Sweet is the song, &c.

4. Let notes of joy and gladness
The cheerful strain prolong,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled with the song.
Sweet is the song, &c.

TUNE, "HEAVEN IS MY HOME," p. 64.

Thy favor is Life.

Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break, every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is this wilderness;
Earth has no resting place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

2.

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stray,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

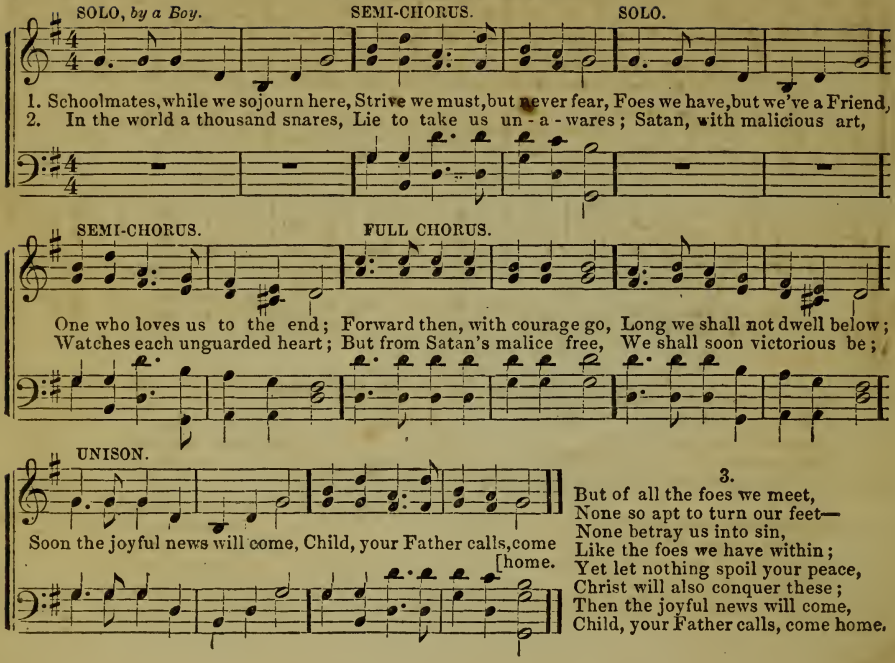
3.

Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine!

4.

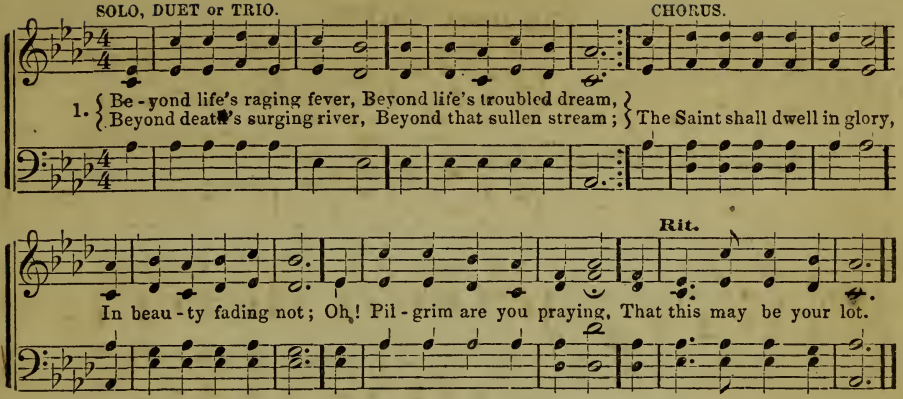
Farewell, mortality
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest;
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

THE BEST FRIEND.


SOLO, *by a Boy.*
SEMI-CHORUS.
SOLO.
1. Schoolmates, while we sojourn here, Strive we must, but never fear, Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
2. In the world a thousand snares, Lie to take us un - a - wares; Satan, with malicious art,
SEMI-CHORUS.
FULL CHORUS.
One who loves us to the end; Forward then, with courage go, Long we shall not dwell below;
Watches each unguarded heart; But from Satan's malice free, We shall soon victorious be;
UNISON.
Soon the joyful news will come, Child, your Father calls, come home.

3.

But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet—
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls, come home.


SOLO, DUET or TRIO.
CHORUS.
1. Be-yond life's raging fever, Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river, Beyond that sullen stream;
The Saint shall dwell in glory,
Rit.
In beau-ty fading not; Oh! Pil-grim are you praying, That this may be your lot.

2.

Beyond this land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mouldering dead;
The saint shall dwell, &c.

3.

Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail;
Beyond the dark'ning shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale;
The saint shall dwell, &c.

4.

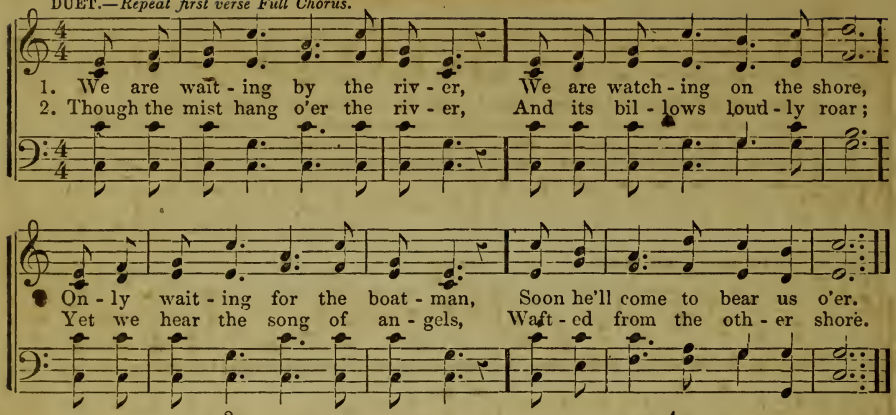
Beyond the thought of grieving,
A kind and gracious God;
Beyond the fear of sinning,
Beyond the chast'ning rod;
The saint shall dwell, &c.

5.

Beyond Earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod;
The saint shall dwell in glory,
The saint shall dwell with God,
The saint shall dwell, &c.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

DUET.—*Repeat first verse Full Chorus.*


1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watch - ing on the shore,
2. Though the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud - ly roar;
On - ly wait - ing for the boat - man, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.

2.

Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar;
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.
We are waiting, &c.

3.

And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
We are waiting, &c.

4.

He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side,
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.
We are waiting, &c.

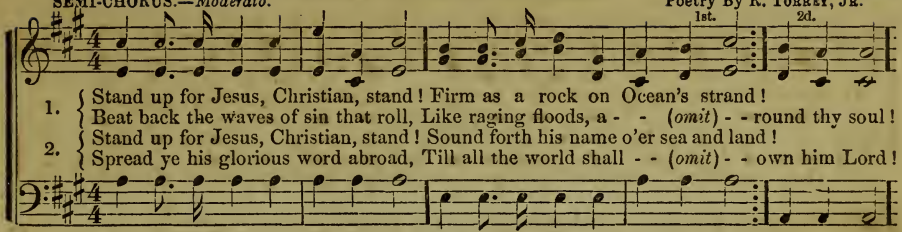
5.

When we've passed that vale of shadows
With its dark and chilling tide;
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.
We are waiting, &c.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

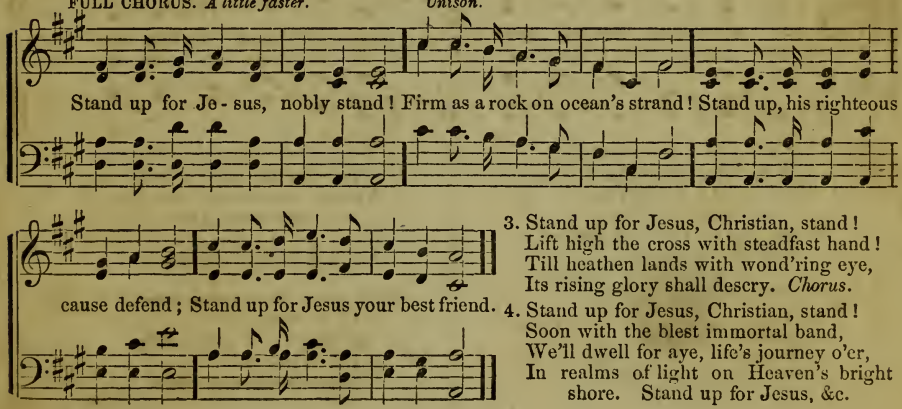
SEMI-CHORUS.—*Moderato.*

Poetry By R. Torrey, Jr.



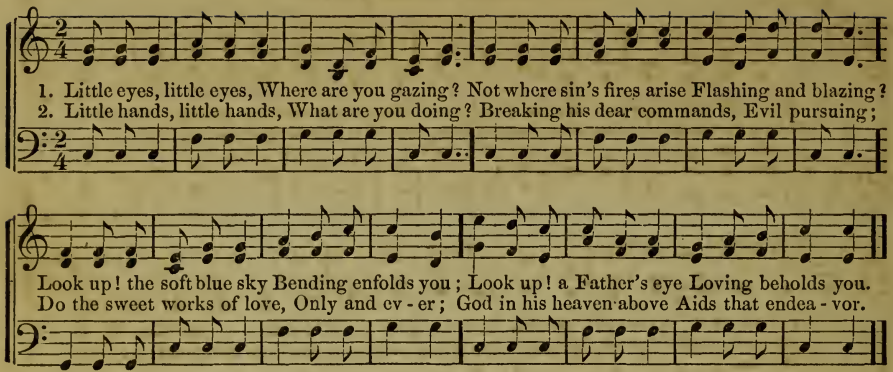
1. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!
   Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a- - (*omit*) - - round thy soul!
2. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
   Spread ye his glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall - - (*omit*) - - own him Lord!

FULL CHORUS. *A little faster.* *Unison.*



Stand up for Je - sus, nobly stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand! Stand up, his righteous cause defend; Stand up for Jesus your best friend.

3. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
   Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
   Till heathen lands with wond'ring eye,
   Its rising glory shall descry. *Chorus.*
4. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
   Soon with the blest immortal band,
   We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
   In realms of light on Heaven's bright shore. Stand up for Jesus, &c.


1. Little eyes, little eyes, Where are you gazing? Not where sin's fires arise Flashing and blazing?
2. Little hands, little hands, What are you doing? Breaking his dear commands, Evil pursuing;
Look up! the soft blue sky Bending enfolds you; Look up! a Father's eye Loving beholds you.
Do the sweet works of love, Only and ev - er; God in his heaven above Aids that endea - vor.

3.

Little tongue, little tongue,
What are you saying?
Speak ne'er a word of wrong
Working or playing.
Speak but for love and truth—
Holy and winning:
In the sweet bloom of youth,
Heaven's song beginning.

4.

Little feet, little feet,
Where are you moving?
Let not the tempter meet
Steps idly roving!
Walk where the good have trod,
Heavenward before you;
Christ's feet have pressed the sod,
He watches o'er you.

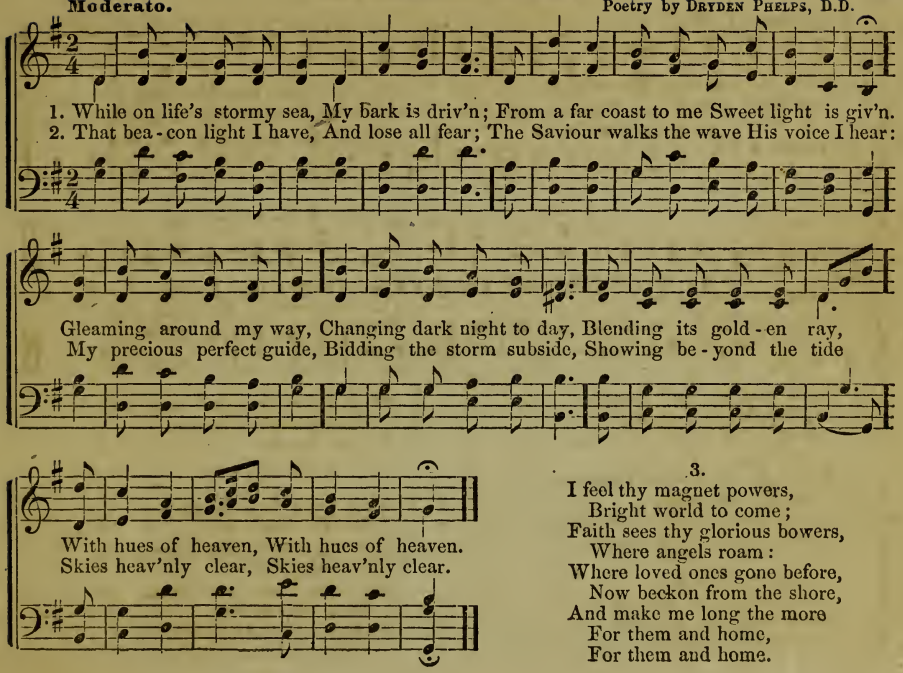
5.

Little heart, little heart,
Seeking God's altar—
Choosing the better part—
O, do not falter!
Gentle, and wise, and pure,
All to him given;
Thine is the promise sure
"Written in heaven."

THE BEACON LIGHT.

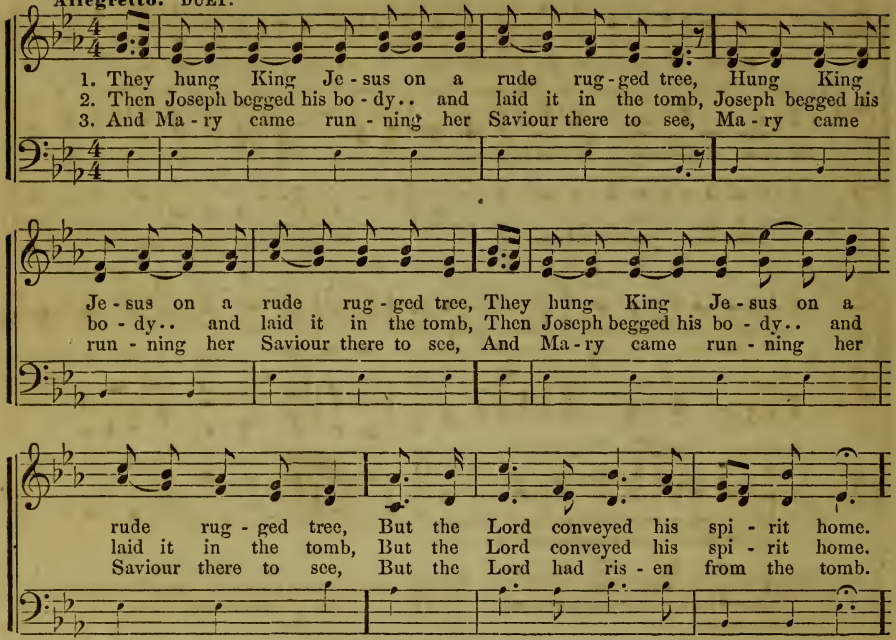
Moderato.

Poetry by DRYDEN PHELPS, D.D.

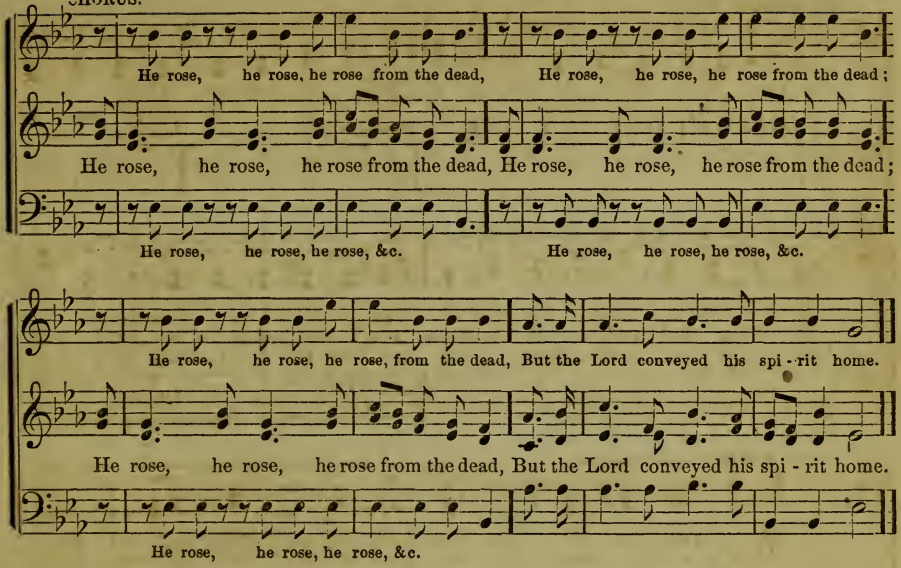

1. While on life's stormy sea, My bark is driv'n; From a far coast to me Sweet light is giv'n.
2. That bea-con light I have, And lose all fear; The Saviour walks the wave His voice I hear:
Gleaming around my way, Changing dark night to day, Blending its gold-en ray,
My precious perfect guide, Bidding the storm subside, Showing be-yond the tide
With hues of heaven, With hues of heaven.
Skies heav'nly clear, Skies heav'nly clear.

3.

I feel thy magnet powers,
Bright world to come;
Faith sees thy glorious bowers,
Where angels roam:
Where loved ones gone before,
Now beckon from the shore,
And make me long the more
For them and home,
For them and home.


Allegretto. DUET.
1. They hung King Je - sus on a rude rug - ged tree, Hung King
2. Then Joseph begged his bo - dy.. and laid it in the tomb, Joseph begged his
3. And Ma - ry came run - ning her Saviour there to see, Ma - ry came
Je - sus on a rude rug - ged tree, They hung King Je - sus on a
bo - dy.. and laid it in the tomb, Then Joseph begged his bo - dy.. and
run - ning her Saviour there to see, And Ma - ry came run - ning her
rude rug - ged tree, But the Lord conveyed his spi - rit home.
laid it in the tomb, But the Lord conveyed his spi - rit home.
Saviour there to see, But the Lord had ris - en from the tomb.

CHORUS.


He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead;
He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead;
He rose, he rose, he rose, &c. He rose, he rose, he rose, &c.
He rose, he rose, he rose, from the dead, But the Lord conveyed his spi - rit home.
He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, But the Lord conveyed his spi - rit home.
He rose, he rose, he rose, &c.

4.

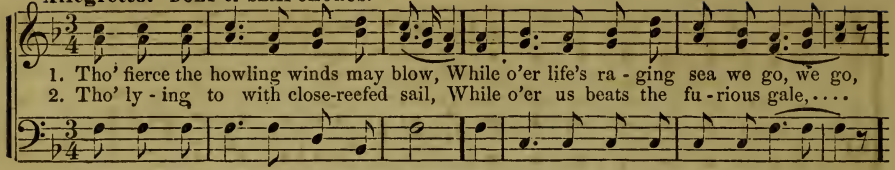
Go tell my disciples I've gone to Galilee,
For the Lord had risen from the tomb.
He rose, &c.

5.

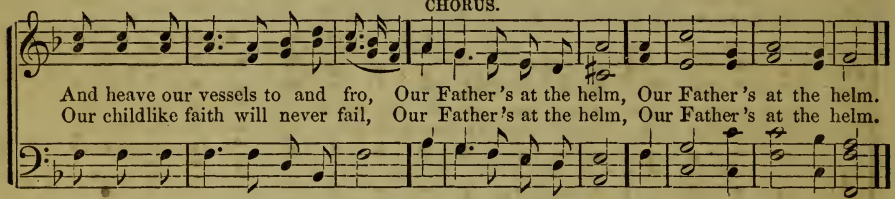
Go preach to every nation and tell to dying men,
That the Lord was dead but lives again.
He rose, &c.

OUR FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

Allegretto.—DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.


1. Tho' fierce the howling winds may blow, While o'er life's ra - ging sea we go, we go,
2. Tho' ly - ing to with close-reefed sail, While o'er us beats the fu - rious gale, ...

CHORUS.


And heave our vessels to and fro, Our Father's at the helm, Our Father's at the helm.
Our childlike faith will never fail, Our Father's at the helm, Our Father's at the helm.

3. Tho' mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upward to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies,
Our Father's at the helm.

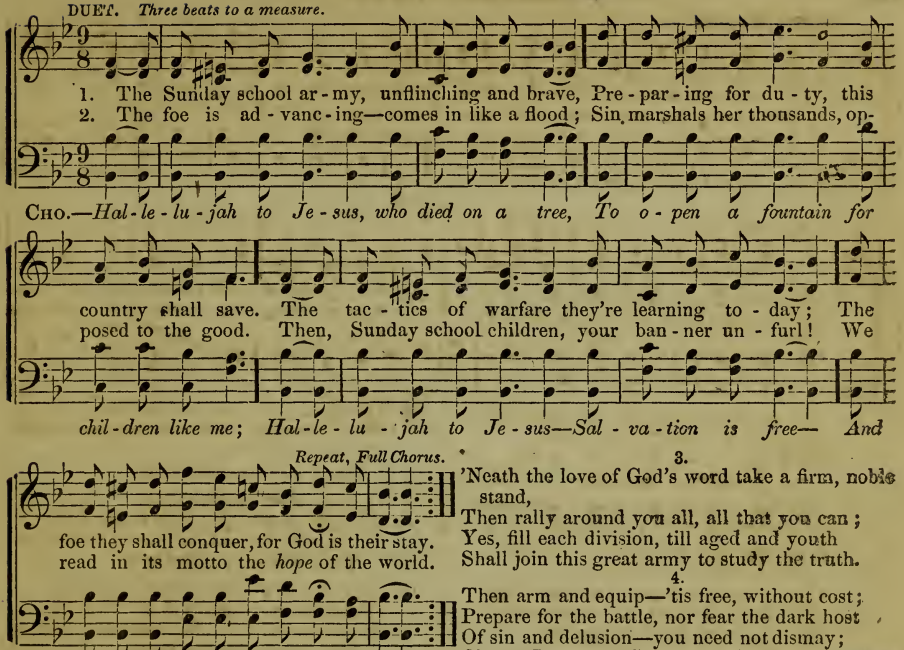
4. Tho' down we plunge, deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save,
Our Father's at the helm.

5. Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say,
Our Father's at the helm.

6. Let wicked men and devils fear,
While viewing death and judgment near.
The child can sing without a fear,
Our Father's at the helm.

7. O, blessed consolation given
To saints while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark and bring to heaven,
Their Father's at the helm.

8. Then let us join our cheerful song,
This stormy voyage will not be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng,
For Father's at the helm.


DUET. Three beats to a measure.
1. The Sunday school ar - my, unflinching and brave, Pre - par - ing for du - ty, this
2. The foe is ad - vanc - ing—comes in like a flood; Sin marshals her thousands, op-
CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, who died on a tree, To o - pen a fountain for
country shall save. The tac - tics of warfare they're learning to - day; The
posed to the good. Then, Sunday school children, your ban - ner un - furl! We
chil - dren like me; Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus—Sal - va - tion is free— And
Repeat, Full Chorus.
foe they shall conquer, for God is their stay.
read in its motto the hope of the world.
in this great army I'm happy to be.

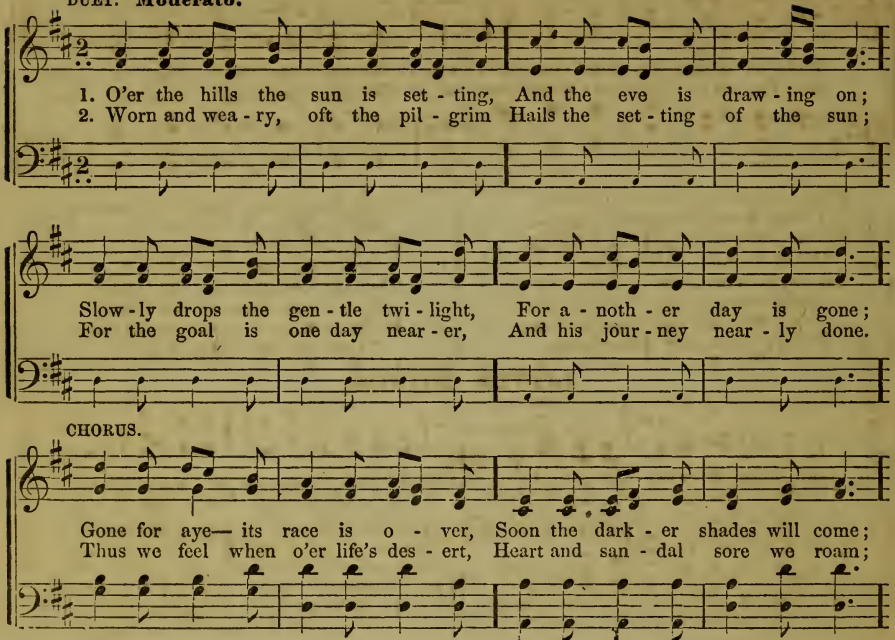
3.

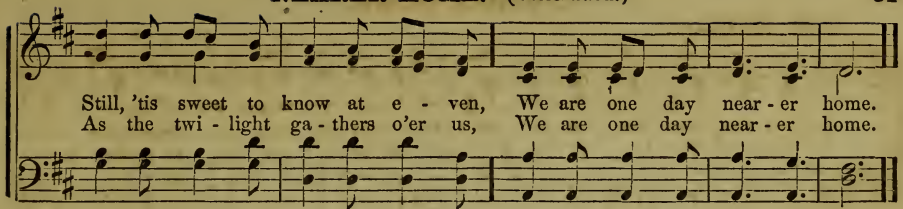
'Neath the love of God's word take a firm, noble stand,
Then rally around you all, all that you can;
Yes, fill each division, till aged and youth
Shall join this great army to study the truth.

4.

Then arm and equip—'tis free, without cost;
Prepare for the battle, nor fear the dark host
Of sin and delusion—you need not dismay;
Choose Jesus your Captain, he'll sure win the day.

DUET. **Moderato.**


1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw - ing on;
2. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;
Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For a - noth - er day is gone;
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.
CHORUS.
Gone for aye— its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will come;
Thus we feel when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal sore we roam;



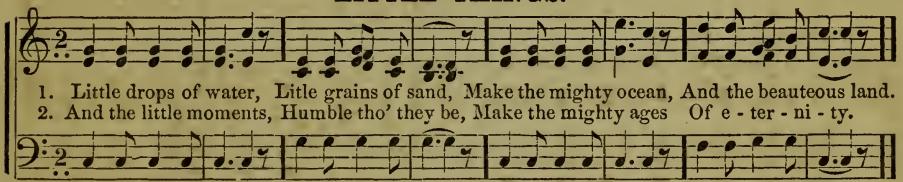
3.

Nearer home! yes, one day nearer,
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

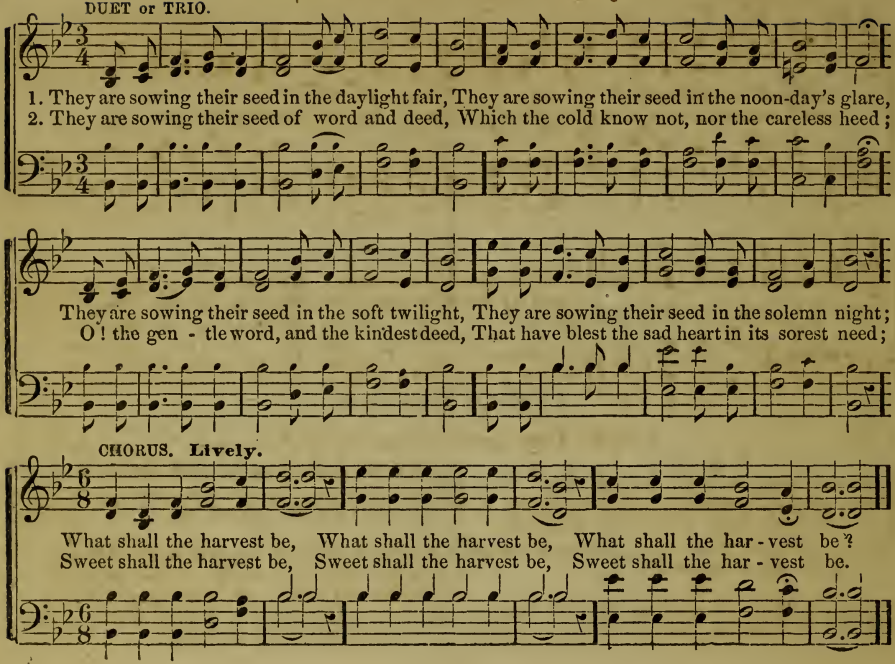
4.

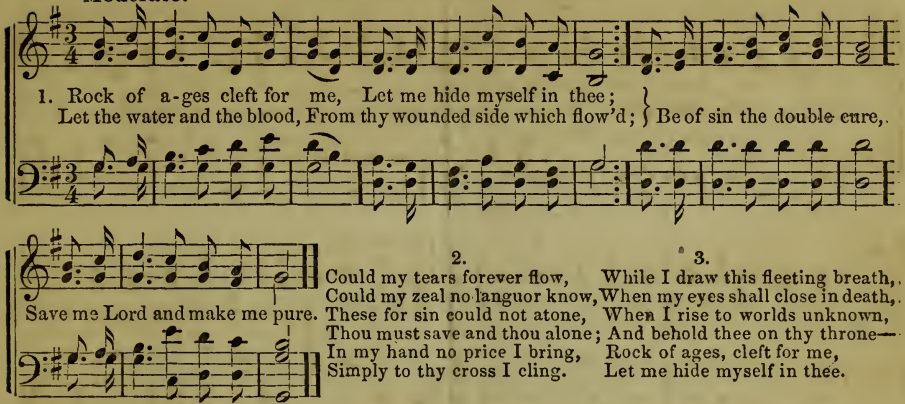
"One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

LITTLE THINGS.


1. Little drops of water, Litle grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the beauteous land.
2. And the little moments, Humble tho' they be, Make the mighty ages Of e - ter - ni - ty.

3. So our lit - tle errors Lead the soul away From the paths of virtue, Oft in sin to stray.
4. Little deeds of kindness, Little deeds of love, Make our earth an Eden, Like the heav'n above.
5. Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations, Far in heathen lands.


DUET or TRIO.
1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair, They are sowing their seed in the noon-day's glare,
2. They are sowing their seed of word and deed, Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight, They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
O! the gen - tle word, and the kindest deed, That have blest the sad heart in its sorest need;
CHORUS. Lively.
What shall the harvest be, What shall the harvest be, What shall the har - vest be?
Sweet shall the harvest be, Sweet shall the harvest be, Sweet shall the har - vest be.


Moderato.
1. Rock of a-ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd; Be of sin the double cure,
Save me Lord and make me pure.

2.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Seed Time and Harvest, *Concluded.*

3.

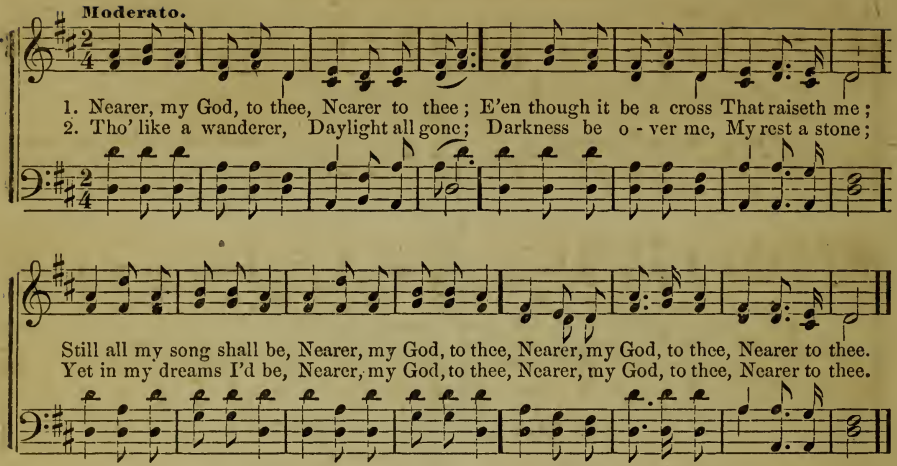
Some are sowing the seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed,
With a ceaseless hand in the earth they sow,
And the fields are all whitening where'er they go,
Rich will the harvest be!

4.

And there's many yet standing with idle hands,
Still they're scattering seed throughout the land,
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil long has borne and it still must bear;
Sad will the harvest be!

5.

Whether sown in darkness or sown in light,
Whether sown in weakness or sown in might,
Whether sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broadest highway or the shadowy path;
Sure will the harvest be.


Moderato.
1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone; Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

3.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

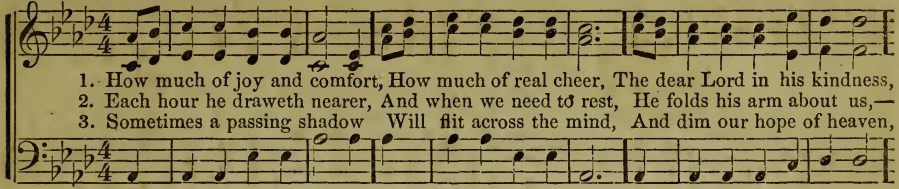
4.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise;
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

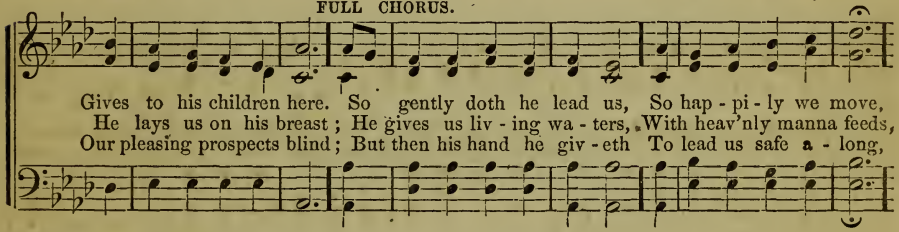
5.

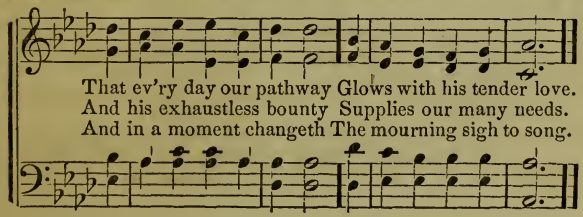
Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky;
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

SEMI-CHORUS,—*Moderato.* Poetry by CHILSON.


1. How much of joy and comfort, How much of real cheer, The dear Lord in his kindness,
2. Each hour he draweth nearer, And when we need to rest, He folds his arm about us,—
3. Sometimes a passing shadow Will flit across the mind, And dim our hope of heaven,

FULL CHORUS.

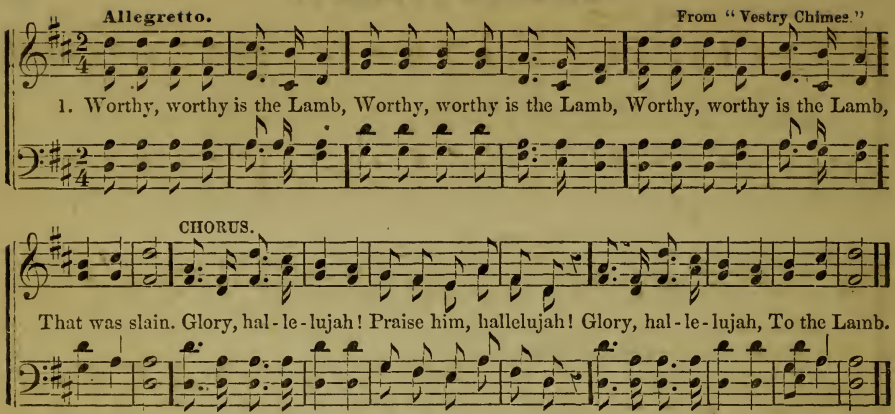

Gives to his children here. So gently doth he lead us, So hap - pi - ly we move,
He lays us on his breast; He gives us liv - ing wa - ters, With heav'nly manna feeds,
Our pleasing prospects blind; But then his hand he giv - eth To lead us safe a - long,


That ev'ry day our pathway Glows with his tender love.
And his exhaustless bounty Supplies our many needs.
And in a moment changeth The mourning sigh to song.

4.

And when our loved ones leave us,
To come to us no more,
He draws aside the curtain,
And shows the golden shore;
We hear the praise exultant,—
The harp-strings sweetly ring,
As ransomed friends in glory
Bow to the loving king.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.


Allegretto.
From "Vestry Chimes."
1. Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
CHORUS.
That was slain. Glory, hal-le-lujah! Praise him, hallelujah! Glory, hal-le-lujah, To the Lamb.

2. Sons of morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise;
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb. *Chorus.*

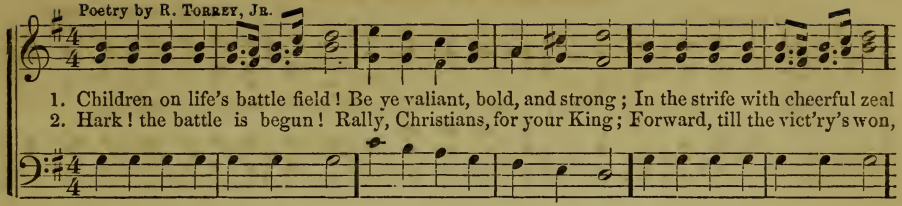
3. See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb. *Chorus.*

4. Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "What shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew,
Blessed Lamb, *Chorus.*

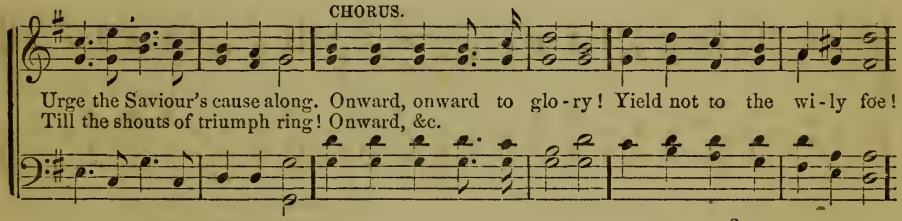
5. Penitents, dry up your tears,
God has heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb. *Chorus.*

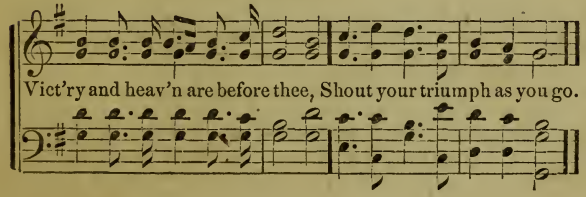
6. Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we all on Zion's hill,
See the Lamb. *Chorus.*

Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.


1. Children on life's battle field! Be ye valiant, bold, and strong; In the strife with cheerful zeal
2. Hark! the battle is begun! Rally, Christians, for your King; Forward, till the vict'ry's won,

CHORUS.



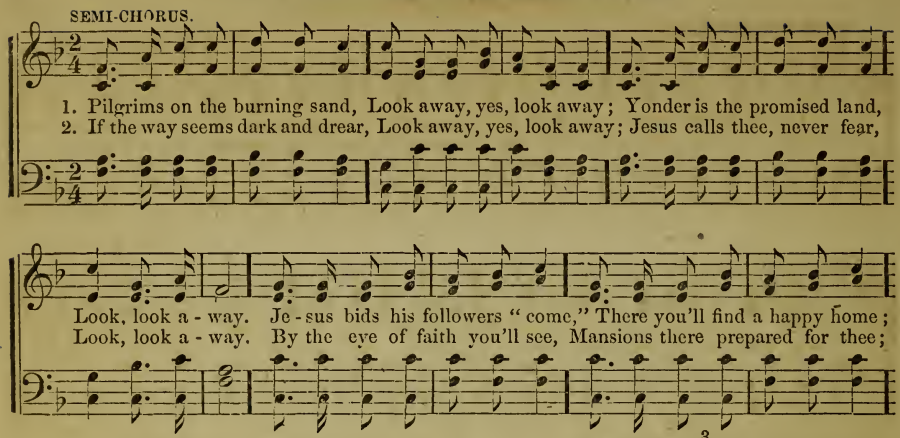


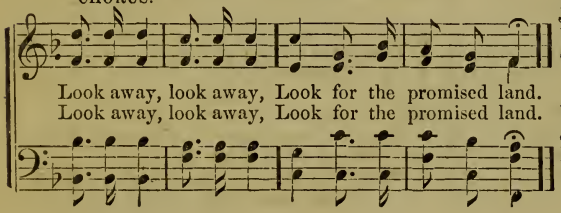
3.

Jesus calls us to the field!
He will lead us evermore;
'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,
Till the mighty conflict's o'er.

4.

Then in yonder world of light
We will lay our armor down;
And mid throngs of angels bright,
Each receive a starry crown.


SEMI-CHORUS.
1. Pilgrims on the burning sand, Look away, yes, look away; Yonder is the promised land,
2. If the way seems dark and drear, Look away, yes, look away; Jesus calls thee, never fear,
Look, look a - way. Je - sus bids his followers "come," There you'll find a happy home;
Look, look a - way. By the eye of faith you'll see, Mansions there prepared for thee;



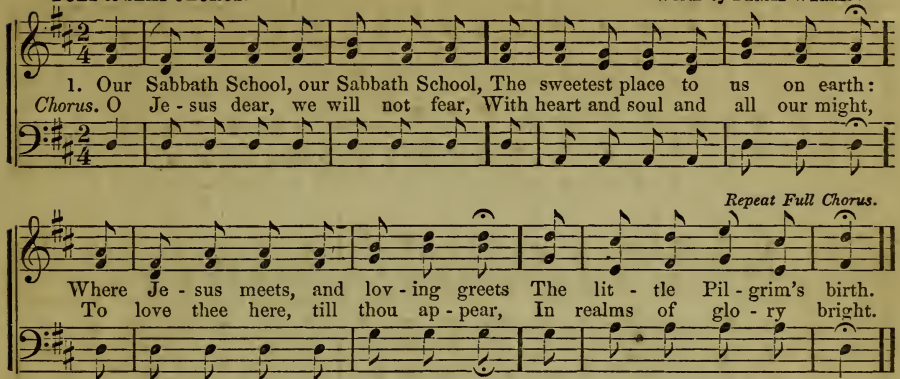
3.

Should your lot be hard to bear, &c.
Jesus will thy burdens share, &c.
With each trial grace is given,
Grace which points thee up to heaven.
Look away, &c.

4.

When the tempest's most severe, &c.
Jesus comes, thy heart to cheer, &c.
Pearly gates you'll soon behold,
Streets all paved with shining gold.
Look away, &c.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS. Words by DANIEL WARREN.


1. Our Sabbath School, our Sabbath School, The sweetest place to us on earth:
Chorus. O Je - sus dear, we will not fear, With heart and soul and all our might,
Repeat Full Chorus.
Where Je - sus meets, and lov - ing greets The lit - tle Pil - grim's birth.
To love thee here, till thou ap - pear, In realms of glo - ry bright.

2.

Each little one, that's just begun,
To walk in wisdom's shining road,
With holy light, he'll guide aright,
Unto his blest abode.
O Jesus dear, &c.

3.

This Sabbath morn, we'll travel on,
Nor leave our glorious King's highway—
With heart and hand, our little band,
Will serve him all the day.
O Jesus dear, &c.

4.

With sweet delight, we'll all unite
To praise our Saviour ever dear;
In pleasant lays we'll sing his praise,
Who loves our praise to hear.
O Jesus dear, &c.

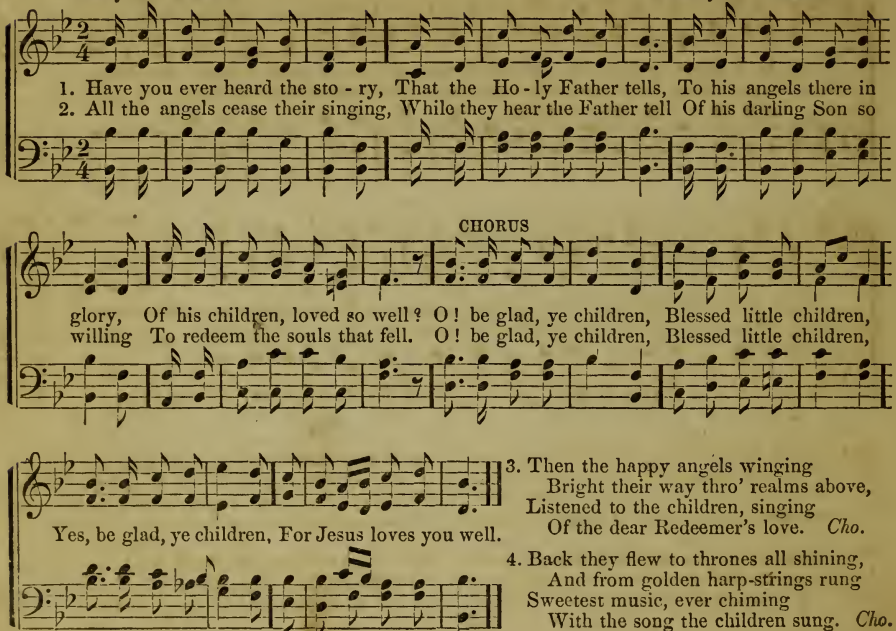
5.

From morning life, to age's strife,
We'll serve and praise our heavenly King;
And then on high, above the sky,
Shall praise eternal ring.
O Jesus dear, &c.

O! BE GLAD, YE CHILDREN.

From "Little Wanderer's Friend," by permission.

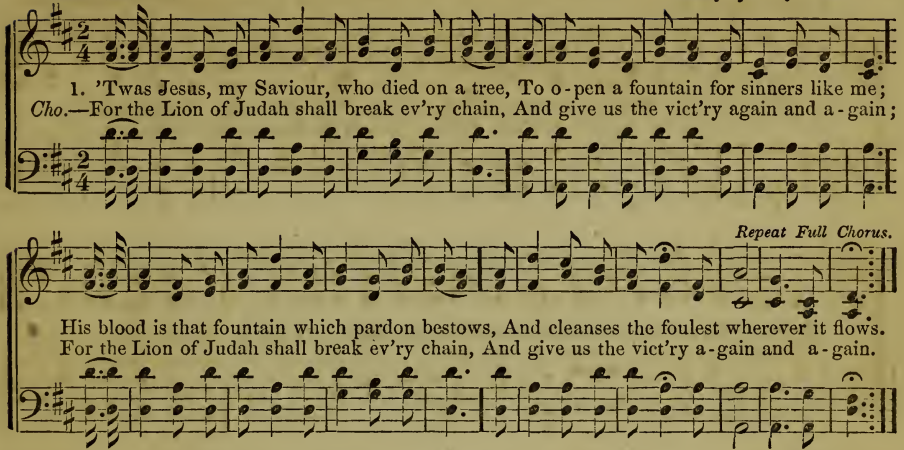
Words by Miss M. FEARY. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Have you ever heard the sto - ry, That the Ho - ly Father tells, To his angels there in
2. All the angels cease their singing, While they hear the Father tell Of his darling Son so
CHORUS
glory, Of his children, loved so well? O! be glad, ye children, Blessed little children,
willing To redeem the souls that fell. O! be glad, ye children, Blessed little children,
Yes, be glad, ye children, For Jesus loves you well.

3. Then the happy angels winging
Bright their way thro' realms above,
Listened to the children, singing
Of the dear Redeemer's love. *Cho.*

4. Back they flew to thrones all shining,
And from golden harp-strings rung
Sweetest music, ever chiming
With the song the children sung. *Cho.*

SEMI-CHORUS. Poetry by H. Q. WILSON.


1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on a tree, To o-pen a fountain for sinners like me;
Cho.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and a-gain;
Repeat Full Chorus.
His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry a-gain and a-gain.

2.

And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty his love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.

3.

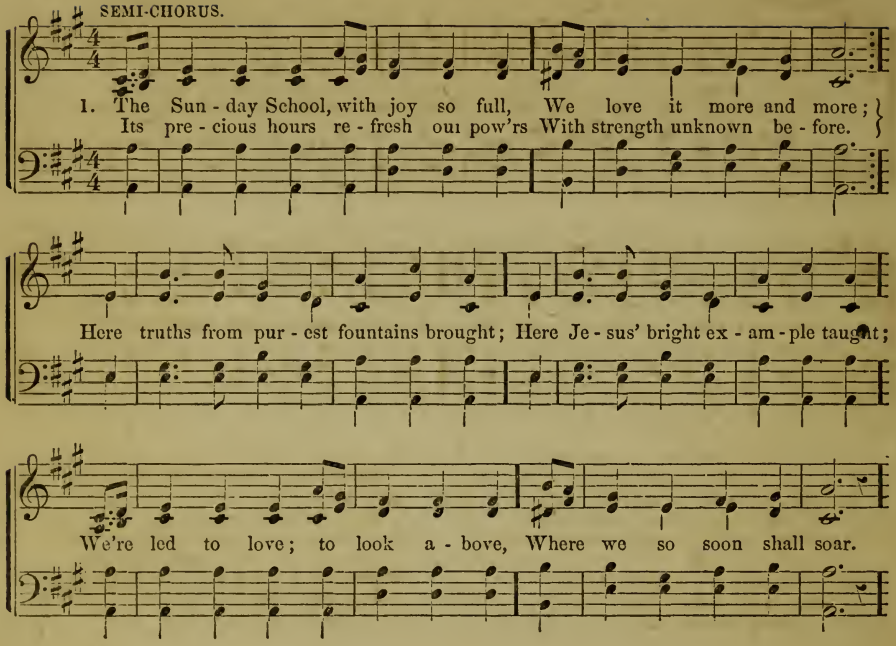
Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.

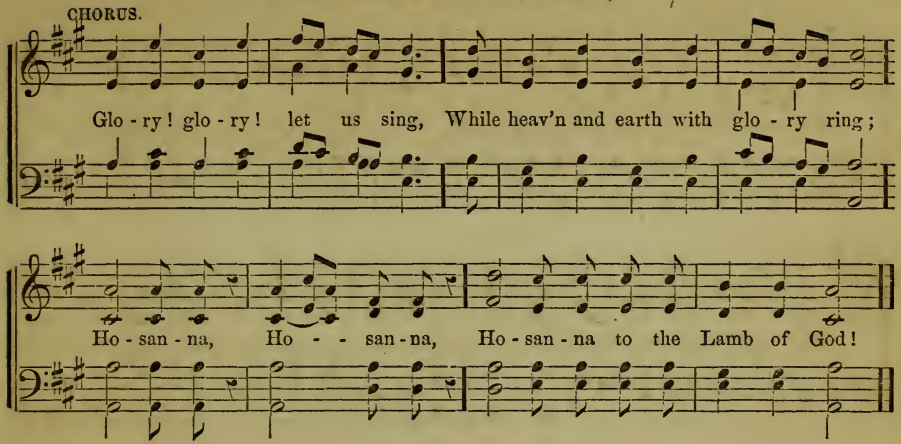
4.

And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heav'n and earth shall be melting away
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.

5.

And when with the ransomed by Jesus my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.


SEMI-CHORUS.
1. The Sun - day School, with joy so full, We love it more and more;
Its pre - cious hours re - fresh our pow'rs With strength unknown be - fore.
Here truths from pur - est fountains brought; Here Je - sus' bright ex - am - ple taught;
We're led to love; to look a - bove, Where we so soon shall soar.



2.

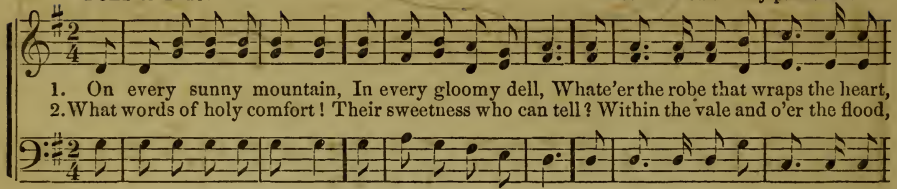
Our Teachers true, we turn to you,
As guides beloved and kind ;
In youth and age, on mem'ry's page,
Our thanks shall stand enshrined.
And when 'mid life's gay scenes we stray,
Where duties call, where passions play,
Your counsels wise shall ever rise,
Like guards around the mind.
Cho. Glory ! glory ! &c.

3.

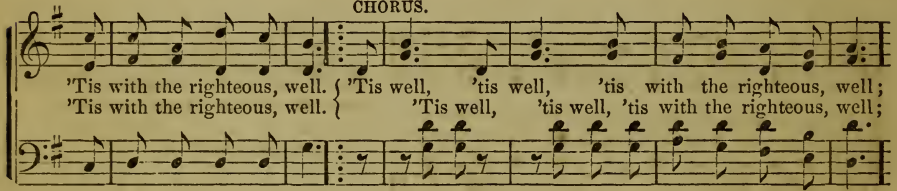
Our Pastor kind, we're e'er inclined
To hear your gladsome voice ;
And fondly cling to truths you bring,
They make our hearts rejoice.
And when these youthful days are past,
To riper joys and scenes we'll haste,
We'll gather where the good appear,
And make their ways our choice.
Cho. Glory ! glory ! &c.

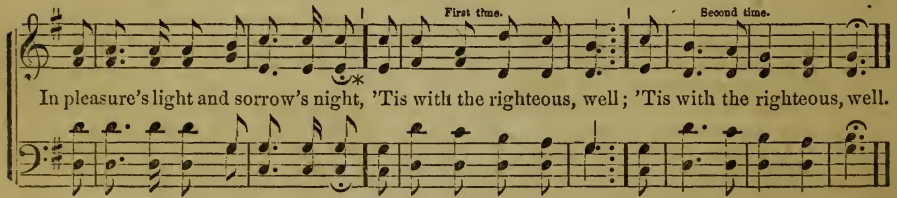
'TIS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

DUET or TRIO. Rev. R. Lowry.—By permission.

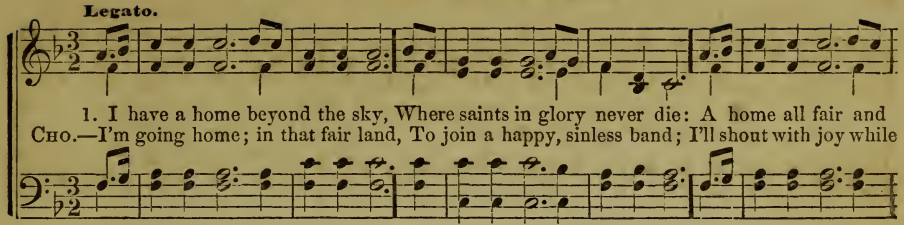

1. On every sunny mountain, In every gloomy dell, Whate'er the robe that wraps the heart,
2. What words of holy comfort! Their sweetness who can tell? Within the vale and o'er the flood,

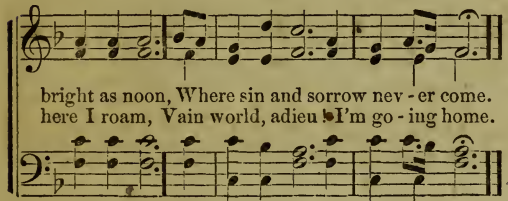
CHORUS.


'Tis with the righteous, well. 'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous, well;
'Tis with the righteous, well. 'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous, well;



* Use hold only in the repeat.


Legato.
1. I have a home beyond the sky, Where saints in glory never die: A home all fair and
Cho.—I'm going home; in that fair land, To join a happy, sinless band; I'll shout with joy while



'Tis well with the Righteous.

3. Tho' dripping clouds may gather,
And grief the bosom swell,
The trusting heart will ever sing,
'Tis with the righteous, well. *Cho.*

4. And when the strife is over,
And hushed the solemn knell,
Within the gates, around the throne,
'Tis with the righteous, well. *Cho.*

2.

In that fair land there still is room,
Where weary pilgrims may get home;
And join with angels in the song,
Of praises to our God the Lamb.
I'm going home, &c.

3.

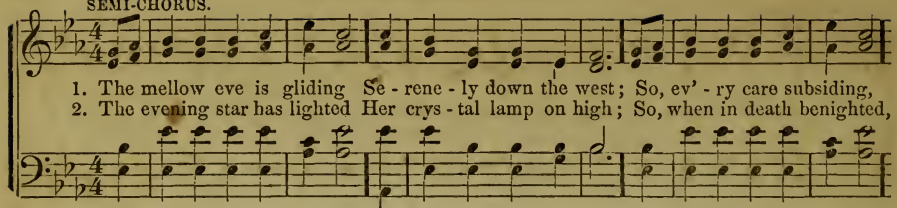
When done with earth; its follies past,
I'll reach my Father-land at last;
To sit and sing around the throne,
"Glory to God! I'm safe at home."
I'm going home, &c.

4.

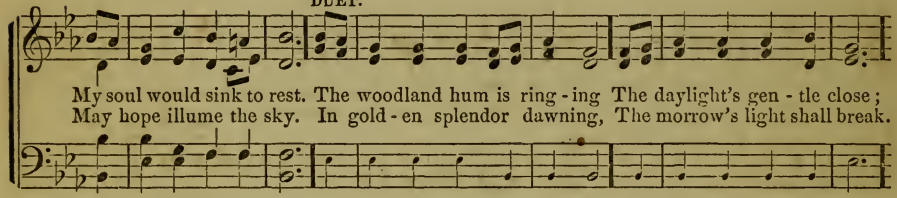
When safe at home, in that fair land,
I'll join the happy sinless band;
And sing with rapture near the throne,
"Vain world adieu! I'm safe at home."
I'm going home, &c.

TWILIGHT. 7s & 6s.

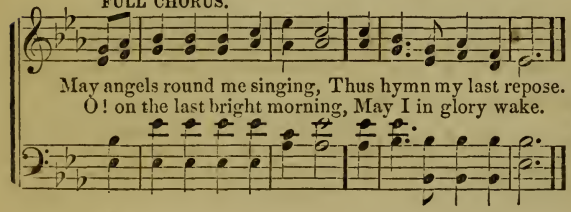
SEMI-CHORUS.


1. The mellow eve is gliding Se - rene - ly down the west; So, ev' - ry care subsiding,
2. The evening star has lighted Her crys - tal lamp on high; So, when in death benighted,

DUET.

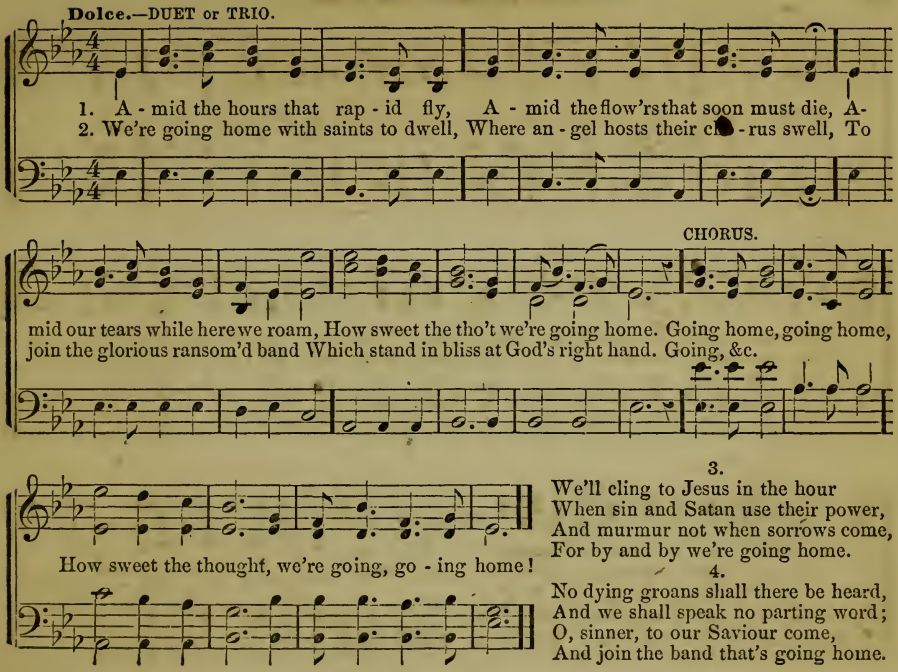

My soul would sink to rest. The woodland hum is ring - ing The daylight's gen - tle close;
May hope illume the sky. In gold - en splendor dawning, The morrow's light shall break.

FULL CHORUS.



REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

'Remember thy Creator,'
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

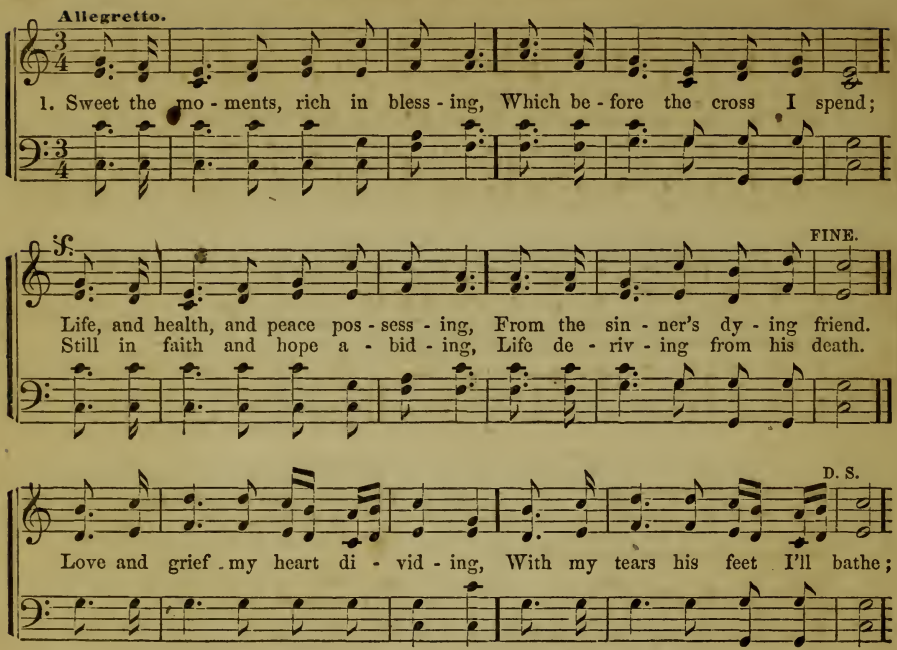

Dolce.—DUET or TRIO.
1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the flow'rs that soon must die, A-
2. We're going home with saints to dwell, Where an - gel hosts their ch - rus swell, To
CHORUS.
mid our tears while here we roam, How sweet the tho't we're going home. Going home, going home,
join the glorious ransom'd band Which stand in bliss at God's right hand. Going, &c.
How sweet the thought, we're going, go - ing home!

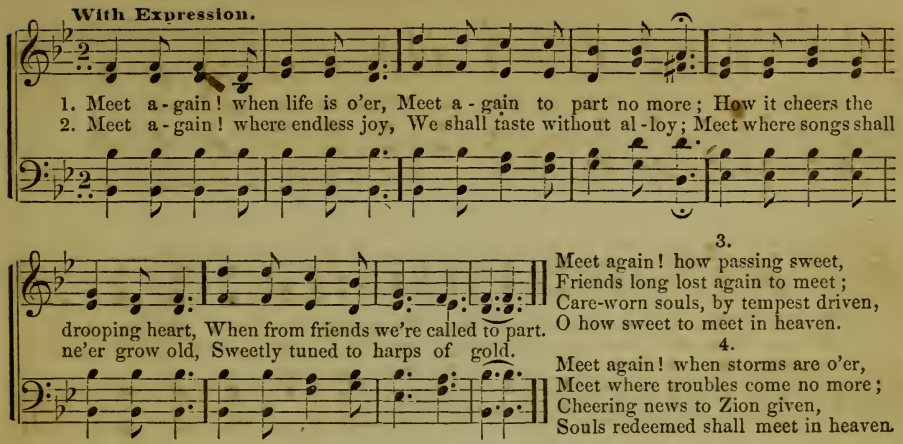
3.

We'll cling to Jesus in the hour
When sin and Satan use their power,
And murmur not when sorrows come,
For by and by we're going home.

4.

No dying groans shall there be heard,
And we shall speak no parting word;
O, sinner, to our Saviour come,
And join the band that's going home.


Allegretto.
1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.
Still in faith and hope a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.
Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
FINE.
D. S.


With Expression.
1. Meet a - gain! when life is o'er, Meet a - gain to part no more; How it cheers the
2. Meet a - gain! where endless joy, We shall taste without al - loy; Meet where songs shall
drooping heart, When from friends we're called to part.
ne'er grow old, Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

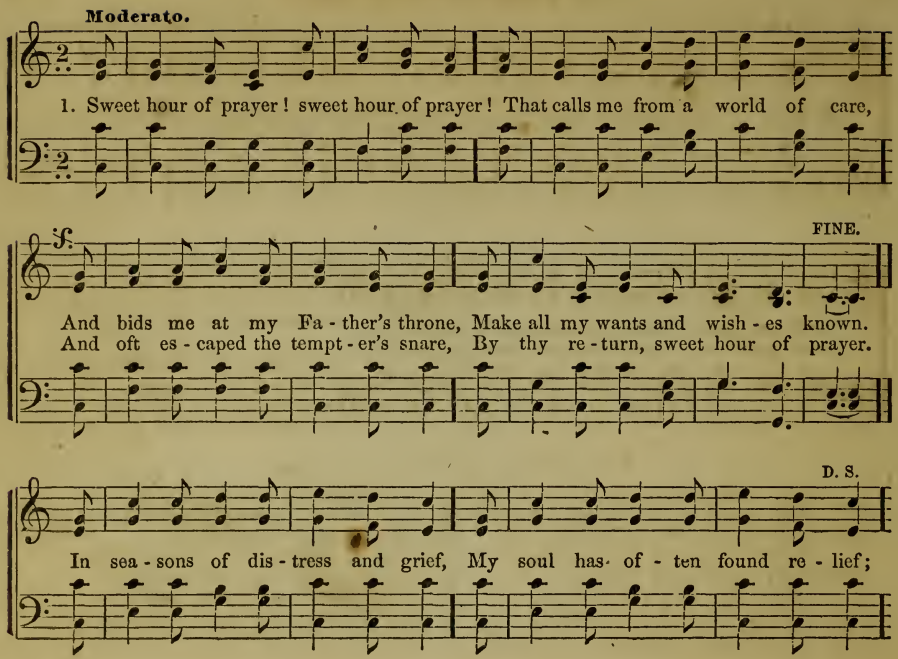
3.
Meet again! how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet;
Care-worn souls, by tempest driven,
O how sweet to meet in heaven.

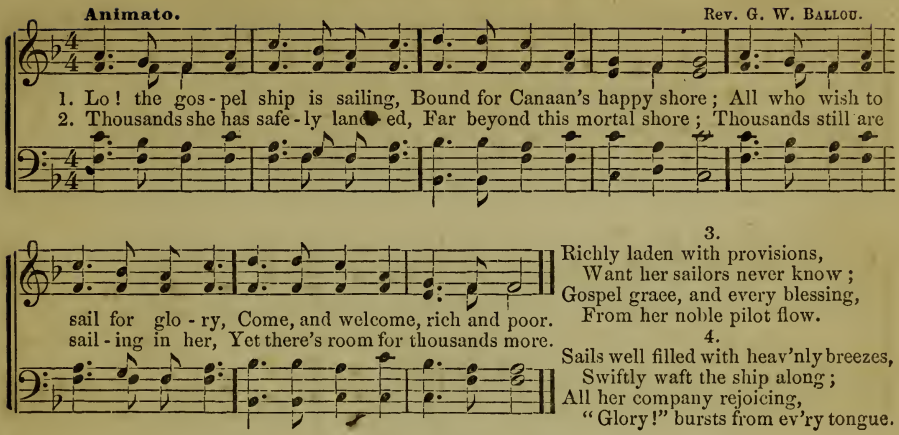
4.
Meet again! when storms are o'er,
Meet where troubles come no more;
Cheering news to Zion given,
Souls redeemed shall meet in heaven.

SWEET THE MOMENTS, *Concluded.*

2.
O how blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his gracious eye.
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove each day his blood more healing,
And himself more deeply know.


Moderato.
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known.
And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;
FINE.
D. S.


Animato.
Rev. G. W. Ballou.
1. Lo! the gos-pel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore; All who wish to
2. Thousands she has safe-ly land-ed, Far beyond this mortal shore; Thousands still are
sail for glo-ry, Come, and welcome, rich and poor.
sail-ing in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.

3.
Richly laden with provisions,
Want her sailors never know;
Gospel grace, and every blessing,
From her noble pilot flow.

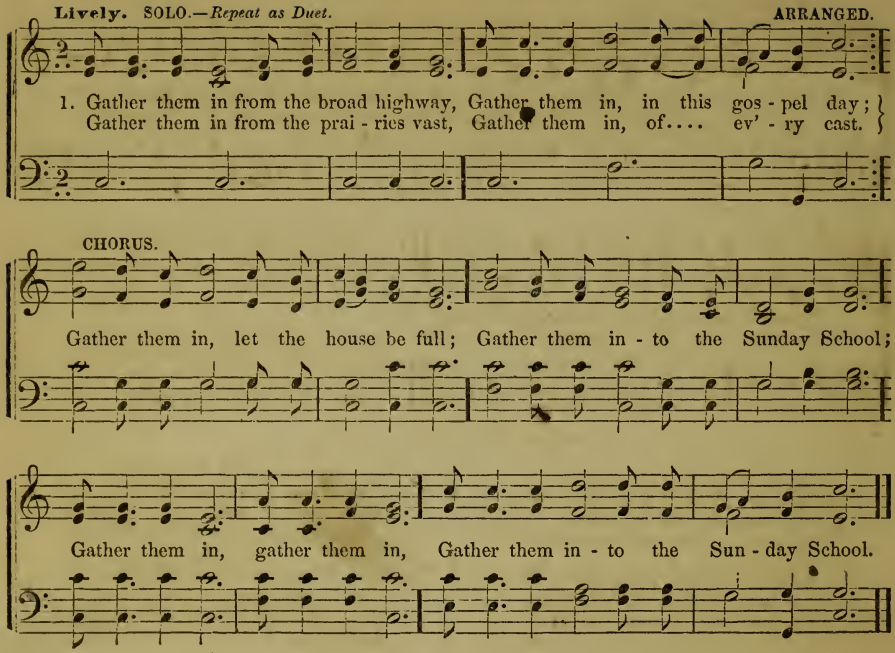
4.
Sails well filled with heav'nly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from ev'ry tongue.

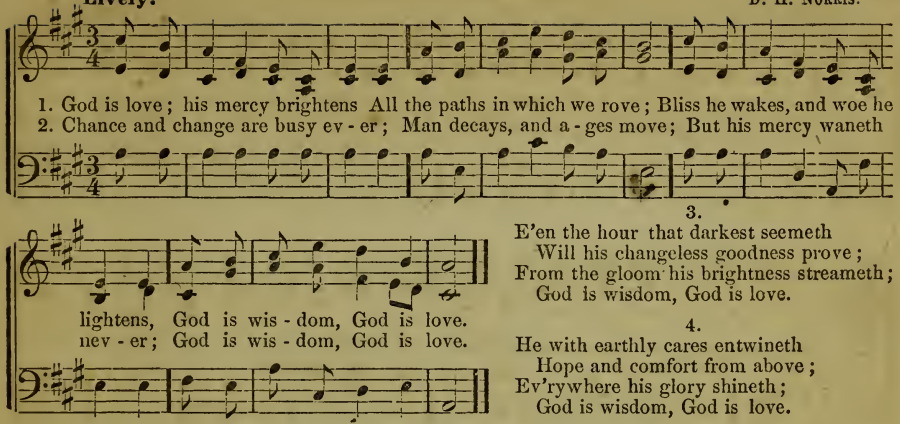
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER, *Concluded.*

2.
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3.
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
'Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

GATHER THEM IN.


Lively. SOLO.—Repeat as Duet.
ARRANGED.
1. Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them in, in this gos - pel day;
Gather them in from the prai - ries vast, Gather them in, of.... ev' - ry cast.
CHORUS.
Gather them in, let the house be full; Gather them in - to the Sunday School;
Gather them in, gather them in, Gather them in - to the Sun - day School.

Lively. D. H. Norris.

1. God is love; his mercy brightens All the paths in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he
2. Chance and change are busy ev - er; Man decays, and a - ges move; But his mercy waneth
lightens, God is wis - dom, God is love.
nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.

3.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Ev'rywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Gather Them In, *Concluded.*

2.

Gather them in, in numbers bold;
Gather them in, both young and old;
Gather them in from the widow's home;
Gather them in that sigh and groan. *Cho.*

3.

Gather them in from the street and lane;
Gather them in, both halt and lame;
Gather the deaf, the poor, the blind,—
Gather them in with a willing mind. *Cho.*

4.

Gather them in that seek for rest;
Gather them in from East to West;
Gather them in that wander about,
Gather them in from North to South. *Cho.*

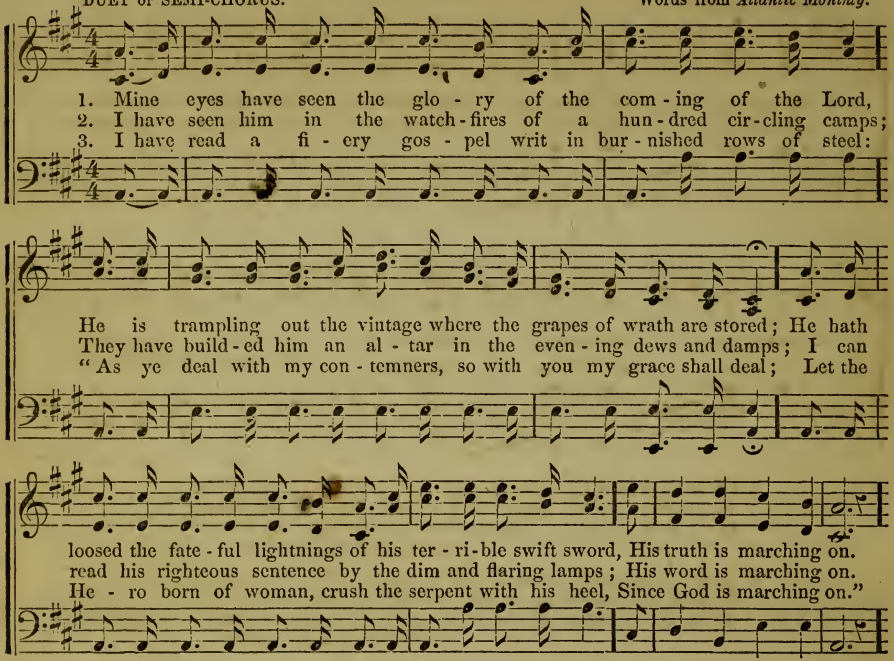
5.

Gather them in from all the land,
Gather them into our noble band;
Gather them in with Christian love—
Gather them in for the Church above. *Cho*

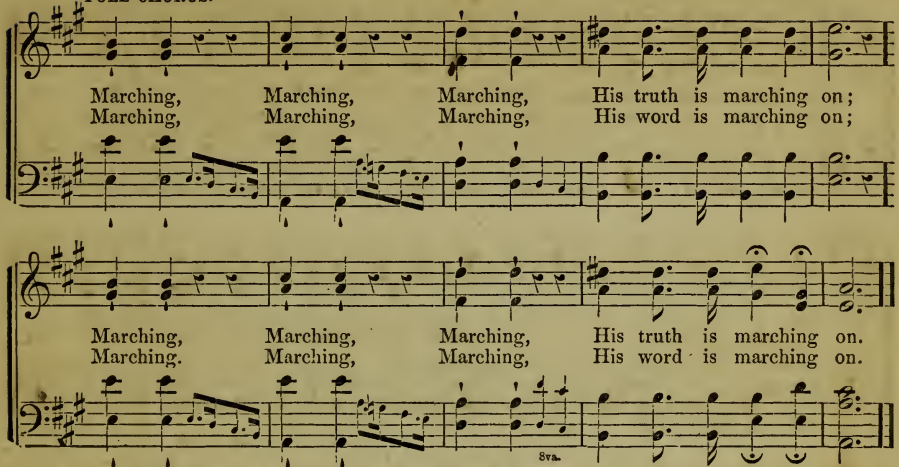
MARCHING ON.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.

Words from *Atlantic Monthly*.

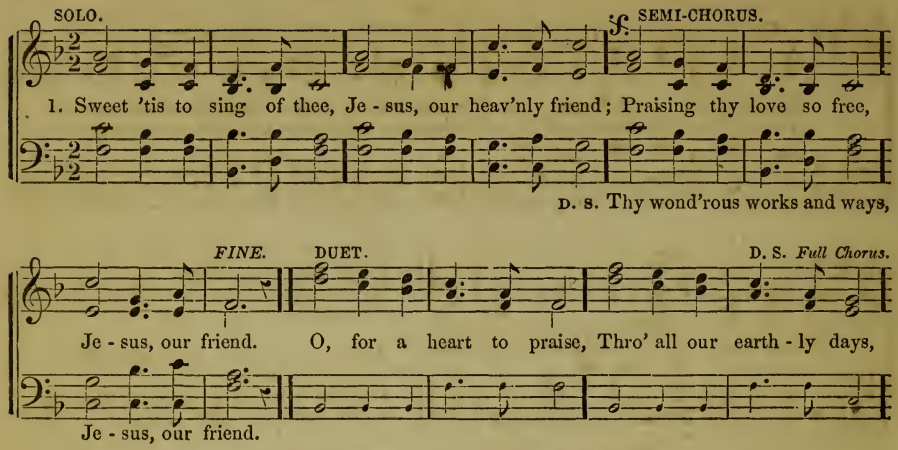

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord,
2. I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in bur - nished rows of steel:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
They have build - ed him an al - tar in the even - ing dews and damps; I can
"As ye deal with my con - temners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
loosed the fate - ful lightnings of his ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His word is marching on.
He - ro born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on."

FULL CHORUS.


Marching, Marching, Marching, His truth is marching on;
Marching, Marching, Marching, His word is marching on;
Marching, Marching, Marching, His truth is marching on.
Marching. Marching, Marching, His word is marching on.
8va.

4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.


SOLO.
SEMI-CHORUS.
1. Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Je - sus, our heav'nly friend; Praising thy love so free,
D. S. Thy wond'rous works and ways,
FINE.
DUET.
D. S. Full Chorus.
Je - sus, our friend.
O, for a heart to praise, Thro' all our earth - ly days,
Je - sus, our friend.

2.

When thou wert here below,
Jesus, our heav'nly friend;
Thou didst our sorrows know,
Jesus, our friend.
Grant to each heart to feel,
That thou hast power to heal,
And O! thyself reveal,
Jesus, our friend.

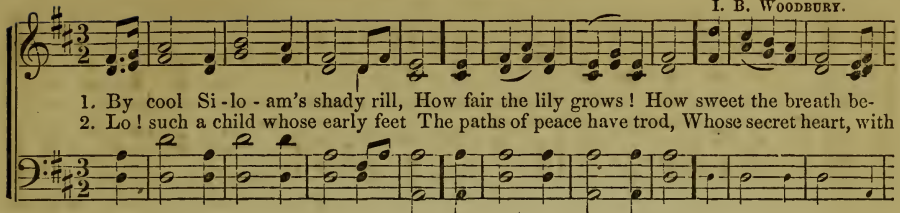
3.

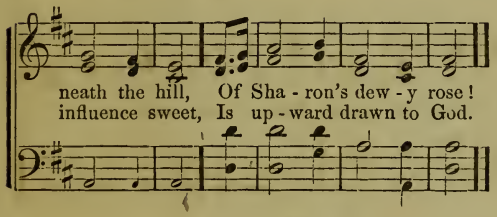
Tender and patient thou,
Jesus, our heav'nly friend;
To thy dear love we bow,
Jesus, our friend.
O, in thy spirit pure,
May we our ills endure,
Trusting thy promise sure,
Jesus, our friend.

4.

By thy redeeming grace,
Jesus, our heav'nly friend
We hope to see thy face,
Jesus, our friend.
Then will we joyful praise,
Throughout eternal days,
Thy wondrous works and ways,
Jesus, our friend.

I. B. Woodbury.


1. By cool Si - lo - am's shady rill, How fair the lily grows! How sweet the breath be-
2. Lo! such a child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose secret heart, with



3.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

Hymn for Tune "Jesus, our Friend."

1.

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and ever blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go thro' all lands and climes,
The heart to cheer.

2.

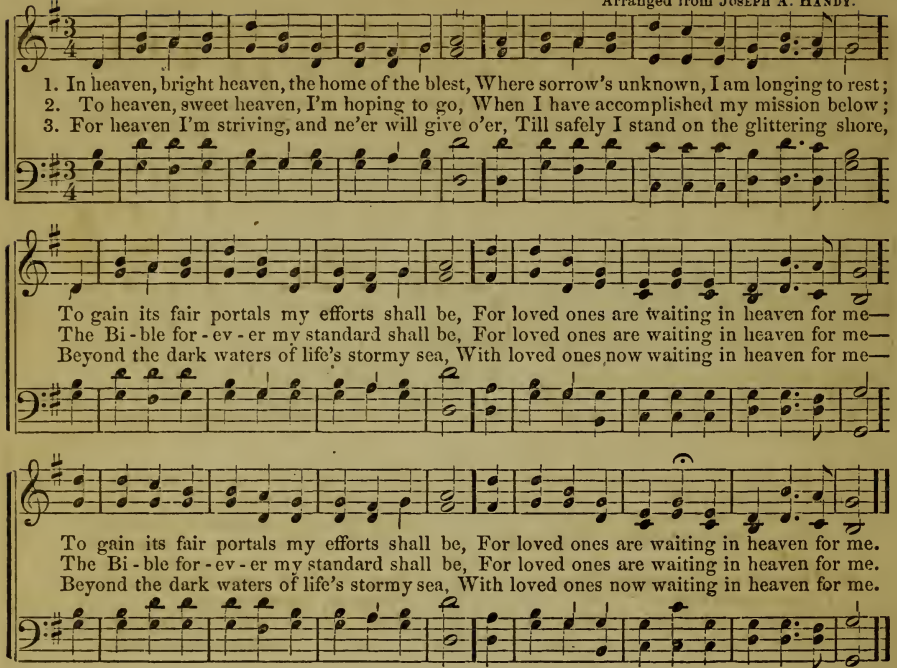
Sweet thoughts can never die,
Tho' like the vernal flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly,
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.

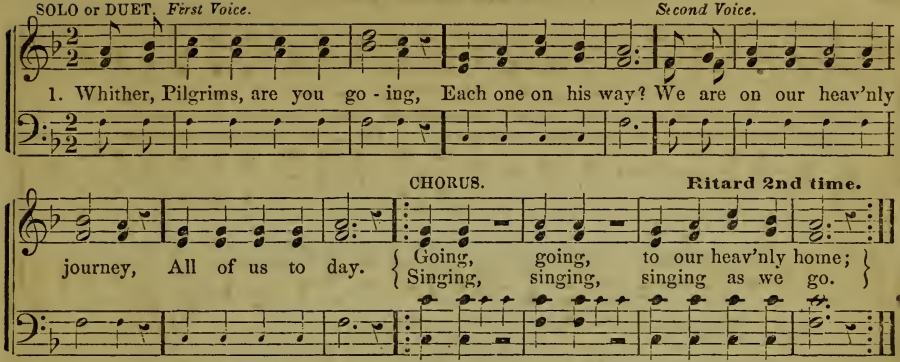
3.

Our souls can never die,
Though in the silent tomb
Our bodies soon shall lie,
Wrapt in its gloom;
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With Christ above.

LOVED ONES ARE WAITING.

Arranged from JOSEPH A. HANDY.


1. In heaven, bright heaven, the home of the blest, Where sorrow's unknown, I am longing to rest;
2. To heaven, sweet heaven, I'm hoping to go, When I have accomplished my mission below;
3. For heaven I'm striving, and ne'er will give o'er, Till safely I stand on the glittering shore,
To gain its fair portals my efforts shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me—
The Bi - ble for - ev - er my standard shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me—
Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea, With loved ones now waiting in heaven for me—
To gain its fair portals my efforts shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me.
The Bi - ble for - ev - er my standard shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me.
Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea, With loved ones now waiting in heaven for me.


SOLO or DUET. First Voice.
Second Voice.
1. Whither, Pilgrims, are you go - ing, Each one on his way? We are on our heav'nly
CHORUS.
Ritard 2nd time.
journey, All of us to day.
Going, going, to our heav'nly home;
Singing, singing, singing as we go.

2.

Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a feeble band?
No, for friends unseen are near us,
Angels round us stand. Going, &c.

3.

Tell me, Pilgrims, what you hope for,
In that better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From our Saviour's hand. Going, &c.

4.

Will you let me journey with you,
To that better land?
Come along, we bid you welcome,
To our happy band. Going, &c.

THE HEAVENLY JOURNEY.

We are going, going, going,
To a land of light;
Where are flowing, flowing, flowing,
Waters pure and bright. Going, &c.

2.

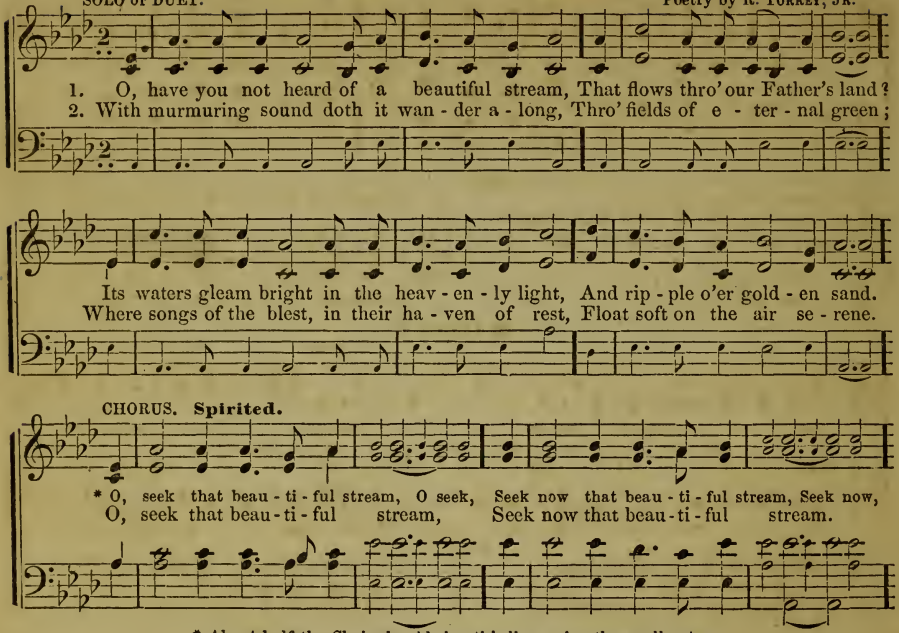
We are singing, singing, singing,
As we pass along;
Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing,
Of triumphant song. Going, &c.

3.

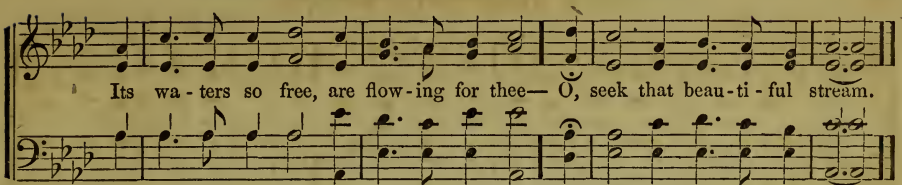
Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,
May we faithful prove;
Then at home with thee forever,
Gathered be above. Going, &c.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

SOLO or DUET. Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.


1. O, have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land?
2. With murmuring sound doth it wan - der a - long, Thro' fields of e - ter - nal green;
Its waters gleam bright in the heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.
Where songs of the blest, in their ha - ven of rest, Float soft on the air se - rene.
CHORUS. Spirited.
* O, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, O seek, Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now,
O, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream.

* About half the Choir should sing this line, using the small notes.



3. Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone!
O, come where its bright waves roll. *Cho.*

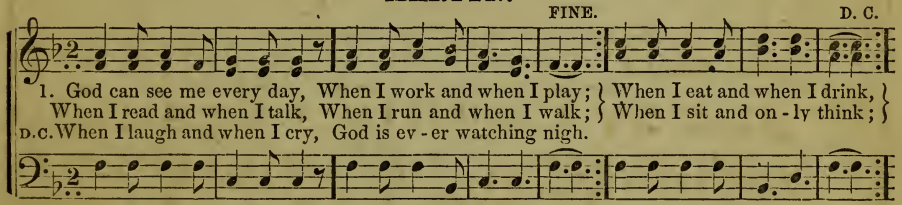
4.

This beautiful stream is the River of Life!
It flows for all nations, free!
A balm for each wound in its water is found;
O, sinner, it flows for thee! *Cho.*

5.

O, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more. *Cho.*

MARTYN.

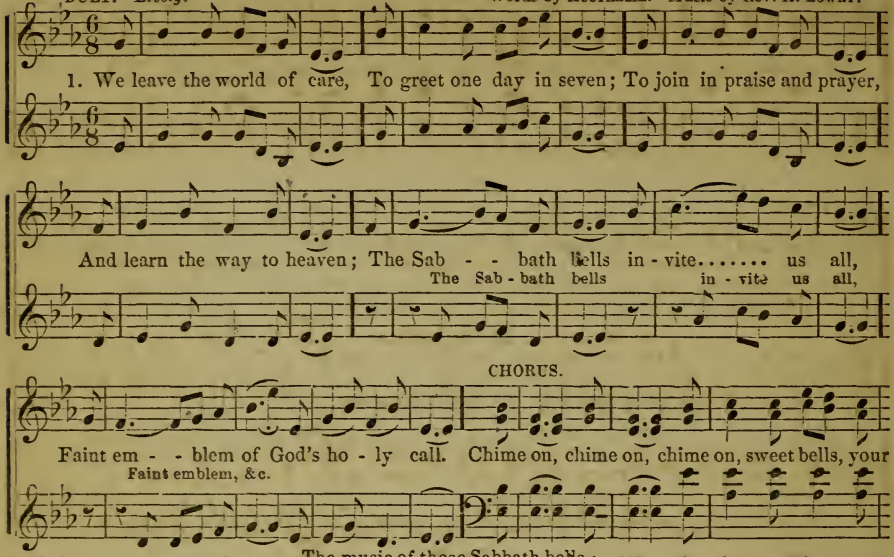

FINE.
D. C.
1. God can see me every day, When I work and when I play; When I eat and when I drink,
When I read and when I talk, When I run and when I walk; When I sit and on - ly think;
D.C. When I laugh and when I cry, God is ev - er watching nigh.

2. When the sun gives heat and light,
When the stars are twinkling bright,
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head;
Night or day, at church or fair,
God is ever, ever near,
Marking all I do or say,
Pointing to the happy way.

SABBATH BELLS, CHIME ON.

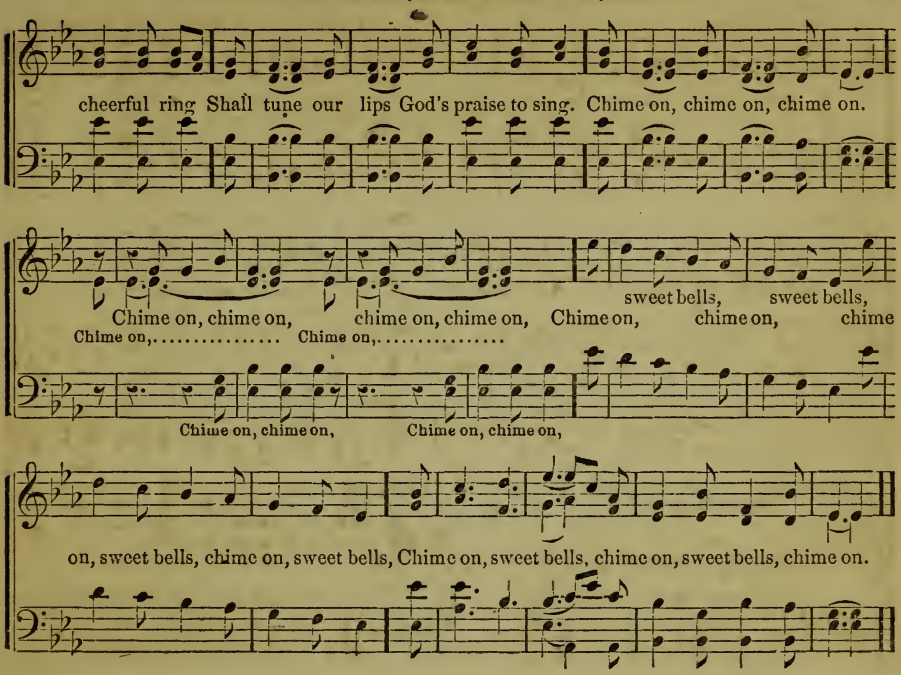
From "S. S. Bell, No 2." by permission.

Words by AUSTRALIA. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

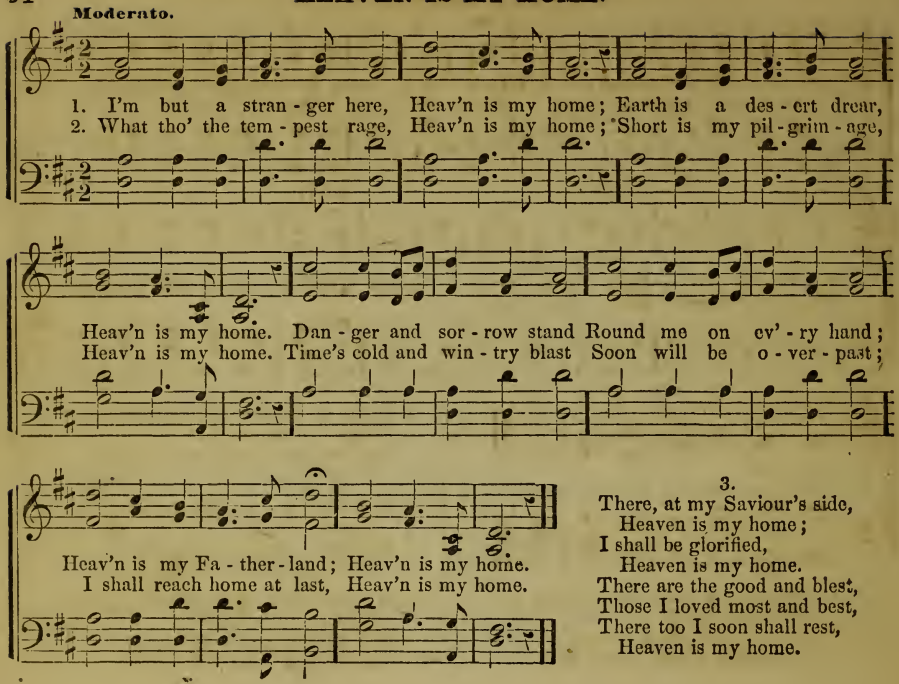

DUET.—Lively.
1. We leave the world of care, To greet one day in seven; To join in praise and prayer,
And learn the way to heaven; The Sab - - bath bells in - vite..... us all,
The Sab - bath bells in - vite us all,
CHORUS.
Faint em - - blem of God's ho - ly call. Chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, your
Faint emblem, &c.

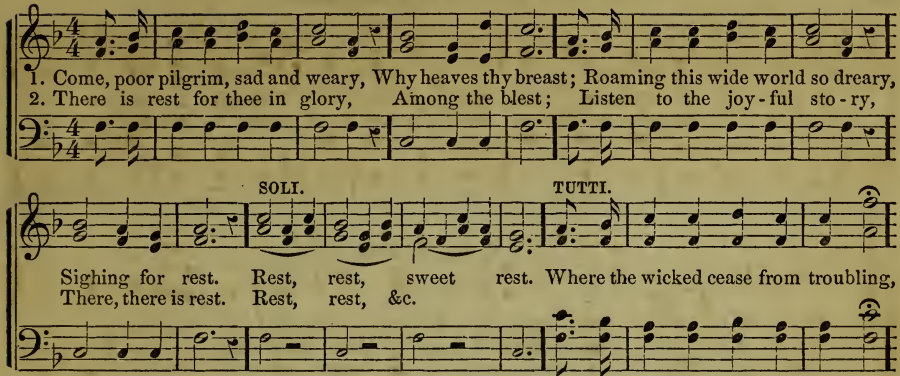
2. We leave our books and play,
To read that "Book divine,"
There we are taught the way
To joys that ne'er decline;
The music of those Sabbath bells,
How sweetly on the ear it swells!

3. We leave our earthly home,
To seek that blest abode,
Where loved companions come
To lift their hearts to God;
List to the joyous sound that tells
The music of those Sabbath bells!


cheerful ring Shall tune our lips God's praise to sing. Chime on, chime on, chime on.
Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, Chime on, chime on, chime
sweet bells, sweet bells,
Chime on,..... Chime on,.....
Chime on, chime on, Chime on, chime on,
on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.


Moderato.
1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear,
2. What tho' the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age,
Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev' - ry hand;
Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win - try blast Soon will be o - ver - past;
Heav'n is my Fa - ther - land; Heav'n is my home.
I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

3.
There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There too I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

1. Come, poor pilgrim, sad and weary, Why heaves thy breast; Roaming this wide world so dreary,
2. There is rest for thee in glory, Among the blest; Listen to the joy-ful sto-ry,
SOLI.
TUTTI.
Sighing for rest. Rest, rest, sweet rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling,
There, there is rest. Rest, rest, &c.
And the wea-ry are at rest

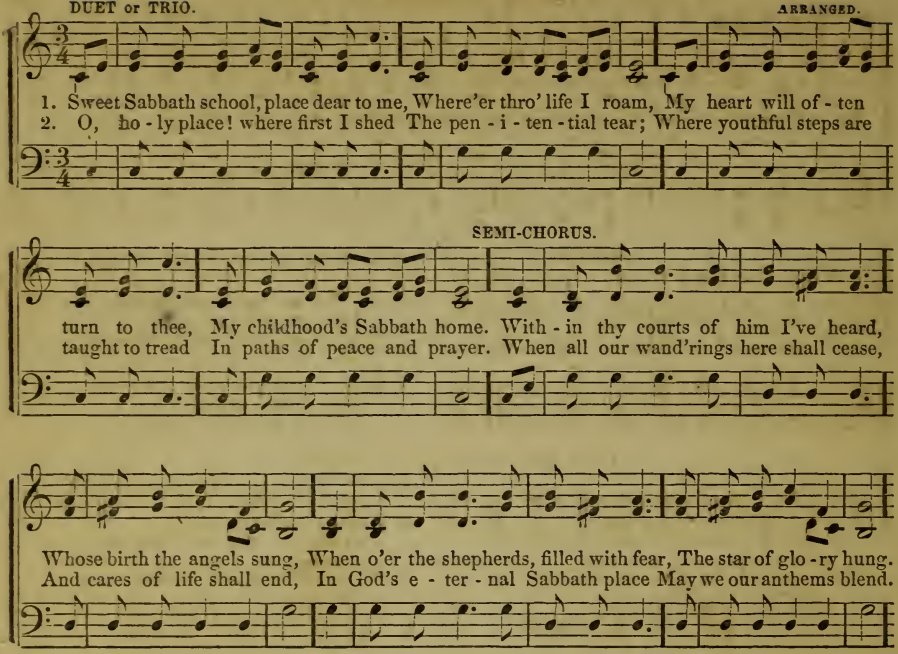
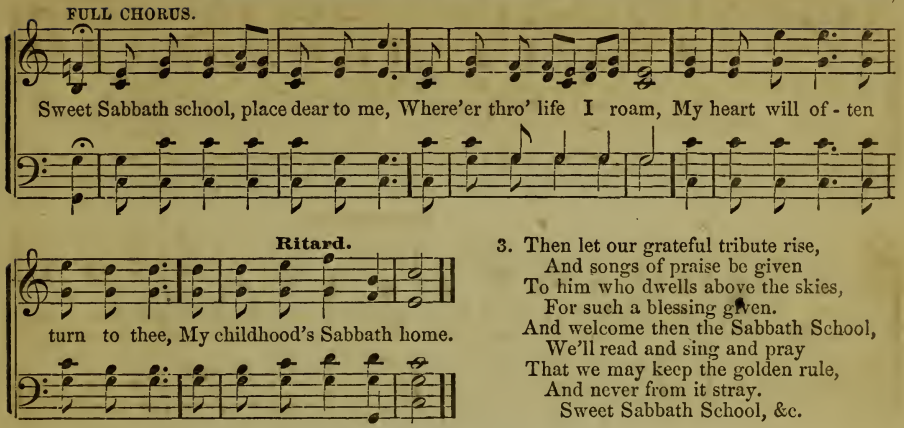
3. There are those who've gone before us,
All who are blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.

4. There the golden harps are ringing,
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.

5. And while we on earth are praying,
Jesus, the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.

6. We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever,
In heavenly rest. Rest, &c.

DUET or TRIO. ARRANGED.


1. Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me, Where'er thro' life I roam, My heart will of - ten
2. O, ho - ly place! where first I shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; Where youthful steps are
SEMI-CHORUS.
turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home. With - in thy courts of him I've heard,
taught to tread In paths of peace and prayer. When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
Whose birth the angels sung, When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear, The star of glo - ry hung.
And cares of life shall end, In God's e - ter - nal Sabbath place May we our anthems blend.

FULL CHORUS.
Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me, Where'er thro' life I roam, My heart will of - ten
Ritard.
turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home.

3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
And welcome then the Sabbath School,
We'll read and sing and pray
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

Love for the Sabbath School.

1.

I love the Sabbath School—the place
My youthful feet have trod,
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace with God.
I love the Sabbath School,—'tis there
The praise of God we sing,—
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

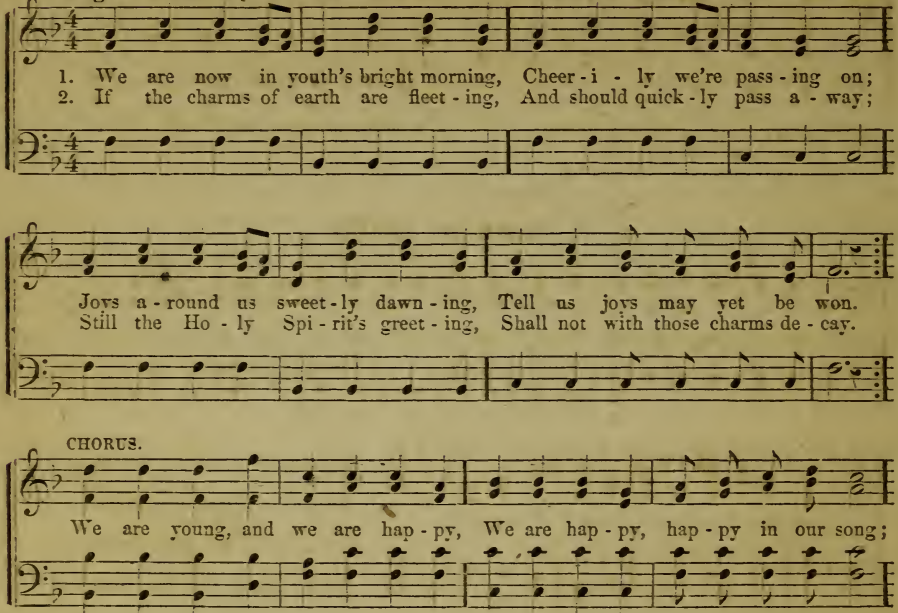
2.

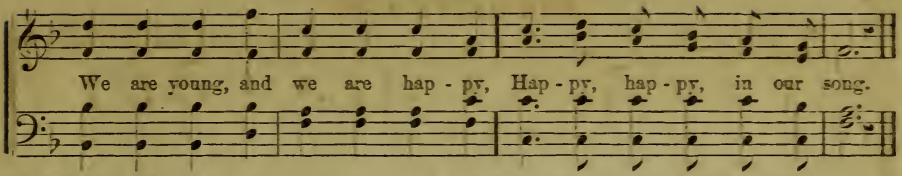
I love the Sabbath School—where we
The Holy Bible read,—
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.
O, that when life's few cares are past
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

THE HAPPY SONG.

Words by Mrs. L. Baxter. W. B. Bradbury.

Allegro. DUET.—*Repeat Semi-Chorus.* From the "Golden Shower," by permission.

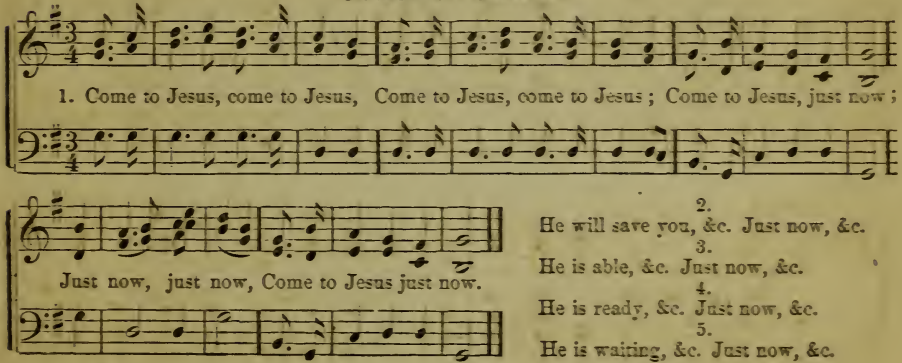

1. We are now in youth's bright morning, Cheer-i-ly we're pass-ing on;
2. If the charms of earth are fleet-ing, And should quick-ly pass a-way;
Joys a-round us sweet-ly dawn-ing, Tell us joys may yet be won.
Still the Ho-ly Spi-rit's greet-ing, Shall not with those charms de-cay.
CHORUS.
We are young, and we are hap-py, We are hap-py, hap-py in our song;



3. Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
To the feast of Jesus' love,
And a foretaste here delights us,
On our way to realms above. We are, &c.

4. When we cross the shining portal,
On the banks of yonder shore,
And are clothed in robes immortal,
We'll be happy evermore. We are, &c.

COME TO JESUS.



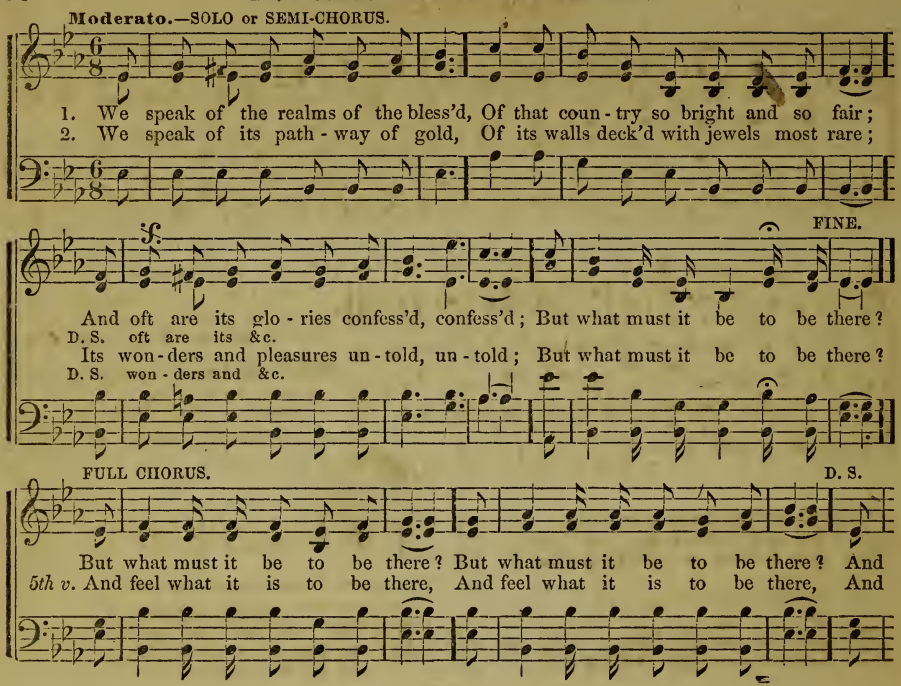
2.
He will save you, &c. Just now, &c.

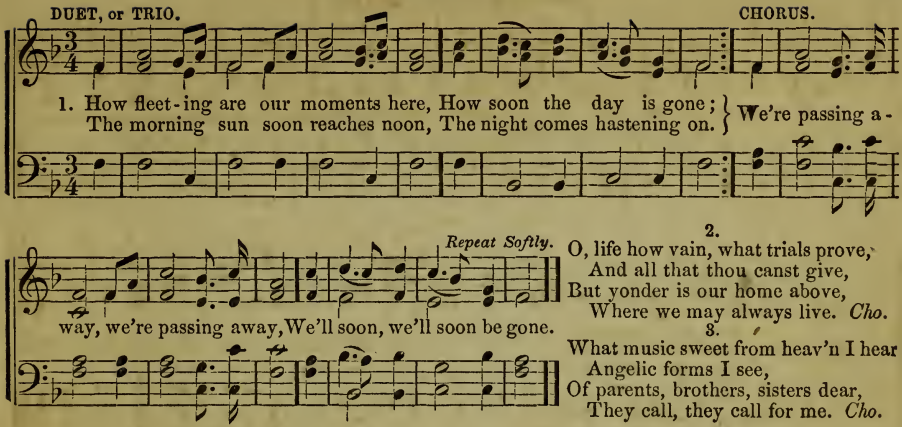
3.
He is able, &c. Just now, &c.

4.
He is ready, &c. Just now, &c.

5.
He is waiting, &c. Just now, &c.

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.


Moderato.—SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.
1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, Of that coun - try so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare;
FINE.
And oft are its glo - ries confess'd, confess'd; But what must it be to be there?
D. S. oft are its &c.
Its won - ders and pleasures un - told, un - told; But what must it be to be there?
D. S. won - ders and &c.
FULL CHORUS.
D. S.
But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there? And
5th v. And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there, And


DUET, or TRIO.
CHORUS.
1. How fleet-ing are our moments here, How soon the day is gone;
The morning sun soon reaches noon, The night comes hastening on.
We're passing a-
Repeat Softly.
way, we're passing away, We'll soon, we'll soon be gone.

2.

O, life how vain, what trials prove,
And all that thou canst give,
But yonder is our home above,
Where we may always live. *Cho.*

3.

What music sweet from heav'n I hear
Angelic forms I see,
Of parents, brothers, sisters dear,
They call, they call for me. *Cho.*

The Realms of the Blest, *Concluded.*

3.

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within, within;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be, &c.

4.

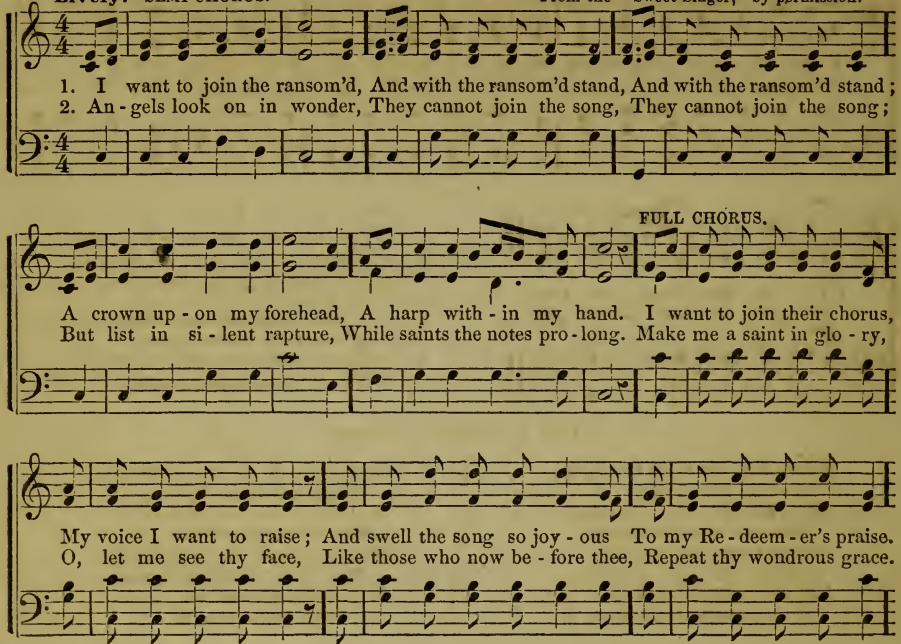
We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
The Church of the first born above, above;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be, &c.

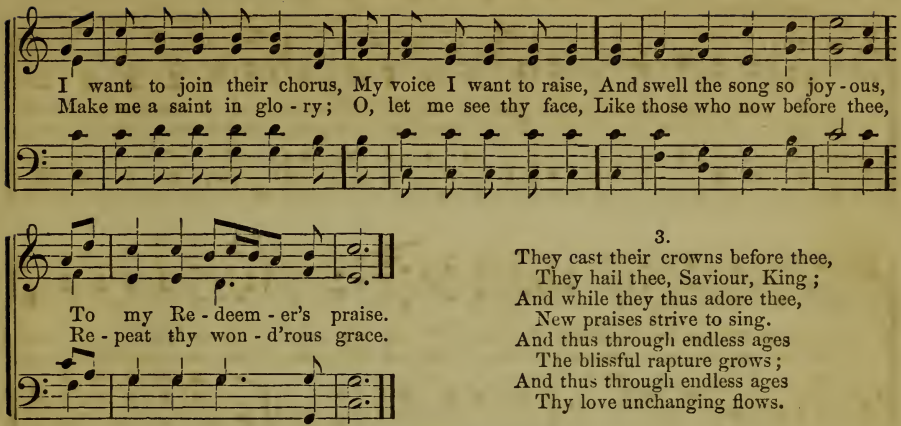
5.

Then let us 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we all shall know, shall know;
And feel what it is to be there.
And feel what it is, &c.

THE JOYOUS CHORUS.

Lively.—SEMI-CHORUS. From the "Sweet Singer," by permission.


1. I want to join the ransom'd, And with the ransom'd stand, And with the ransom'd stand;
2. An - gels look on in wonder, They cannot join the song, They cannot join the song;
FULL CHORUS.
A crown up - on my forehead, A harp with - in my hand. I want to join their chorus,
But list in si - lent rapture, While saints the notes pro - long. Make me a saint in glo - ry,
My voice I want to raise; And swell the song so joy - ous To my Re - deem - er's praise.
O, let me see thy face, Like those who now be - fore thee, Repeat thy wondrous grace.


I want to join their chorus, My voice I want to raise, And swell the song so joy-ous,
Make me a saint in glo-ry; O, let me see thy face, Like those who now before thee,
To my Re-deem-er's praise.
Re-peat thy won-d'rous grace.

3.

They cast their crowns before thee,
They hail thee, Saviour, King;
And while they thus adore thee,
New praises strive to sing.
And thus through endless ages
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages
Thy love unchanging flows.

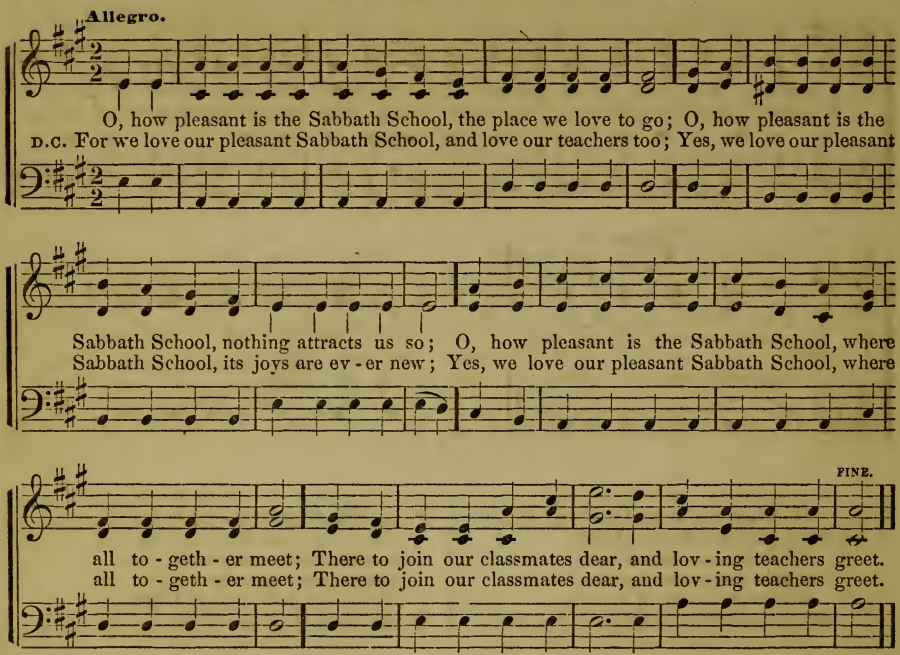
The Universal Anthem.

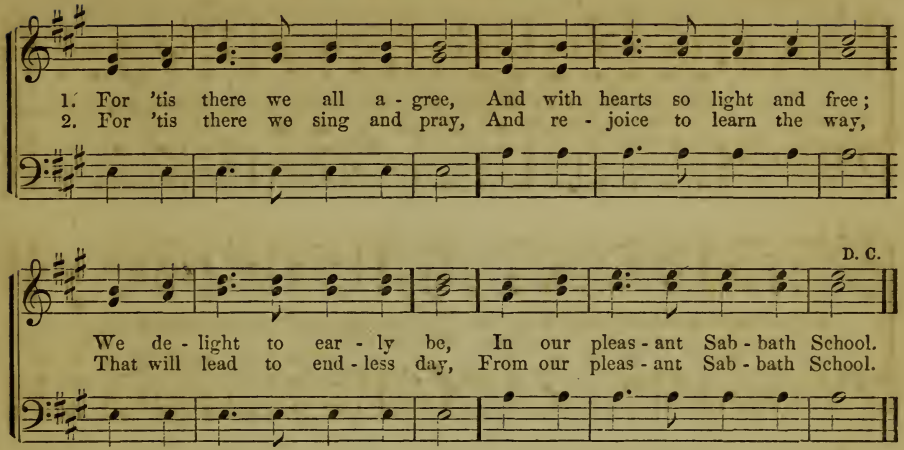
1.

When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And he who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2.

Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound.


Allegro.
O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, the place we love to go; O, how pleasant is the
D.C. For we love our pleasant Sabbath School, and love our teachers too; Yes, we love our pleasant
Sabbath School, nothing attracts us so; O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, where
Sabbath School, its joys are ev - er new; Yes, we love our pleasant Sabbath School, where
FINE.
all to - geth - er meet; There to join our classmates dear, and lov - ing teachers greet.
all to - geth - er meet; There to join our classmates dear, and lov - ing teachers greet.


1. For 'tis there we all a - gree, And with hearts so light and free;
2. For 'tis there we sing and pray, And re - joice to learn the way,
D. C.
We de - light to ear - ly be, In our pleas - ant Sab - bath School.
That will lead to end - less day, From our pleas - ant Sab - bath School.

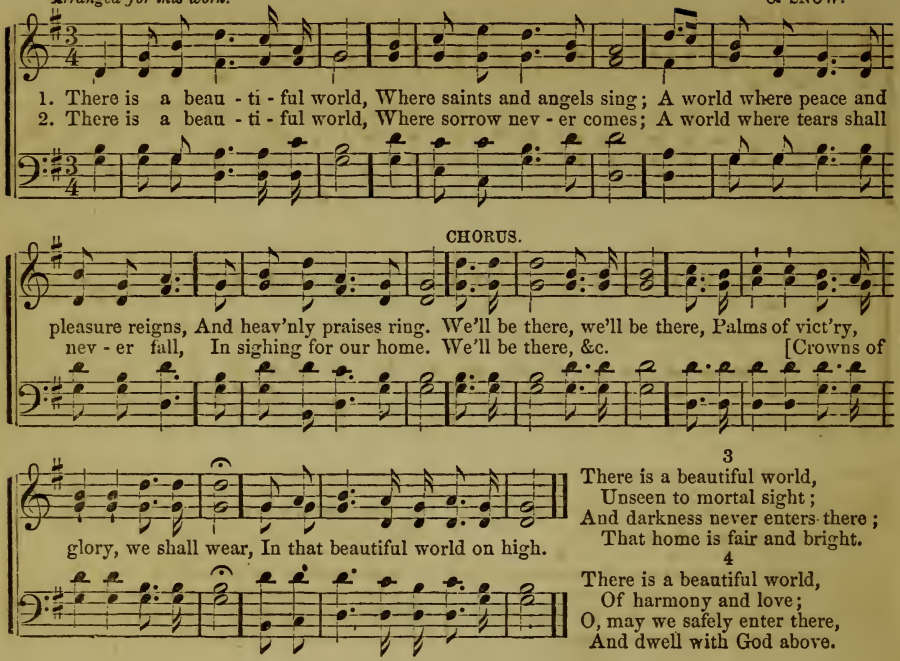
3.

O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, &c.
For our friends and parents dear,
All will find a welcome here,
When they come our hearts to cheer,
In our pleasant Sabbath School.
For we love our pleasant Sabbath School, &c.

4.

O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, &c.
Now let all our playmates come,
For we still can find them room,
And a quiet Sabbath home,
In our pleasant Sabbath School.
For we love our pleasant Sabbath School, &c.

Arranged for this work. O. SNOW.

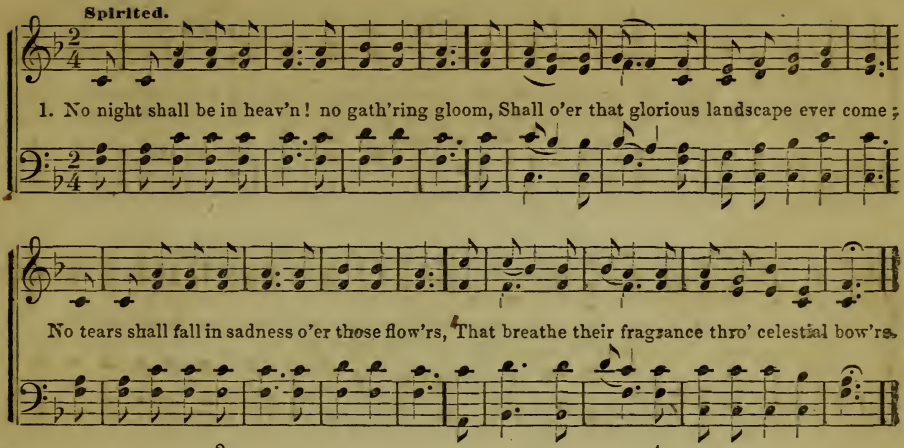

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and angels sing; A world where peace and
2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sorrow nev - er comes; A world where tears shall
CHORUS.
pleasure reigns, And heav'nly praises ring. We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vict'ry,
nev - er fall, In sighing for our home. We'll be there, &c. [Crowns of
glory, we shall wear, In that beautiful world on high.

3

There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight;
And darkness never enters there;
That home is fair and bright.

4

There is a beautiful world,
Of harmony and love;
O, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.


Spirited.
1. No night shall be in heav'n! no gath'ring gloom, Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs, That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bow'rs.

2.

No night shall be in Heaven—Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

3.

No night shall be in Heaven—No sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

4.

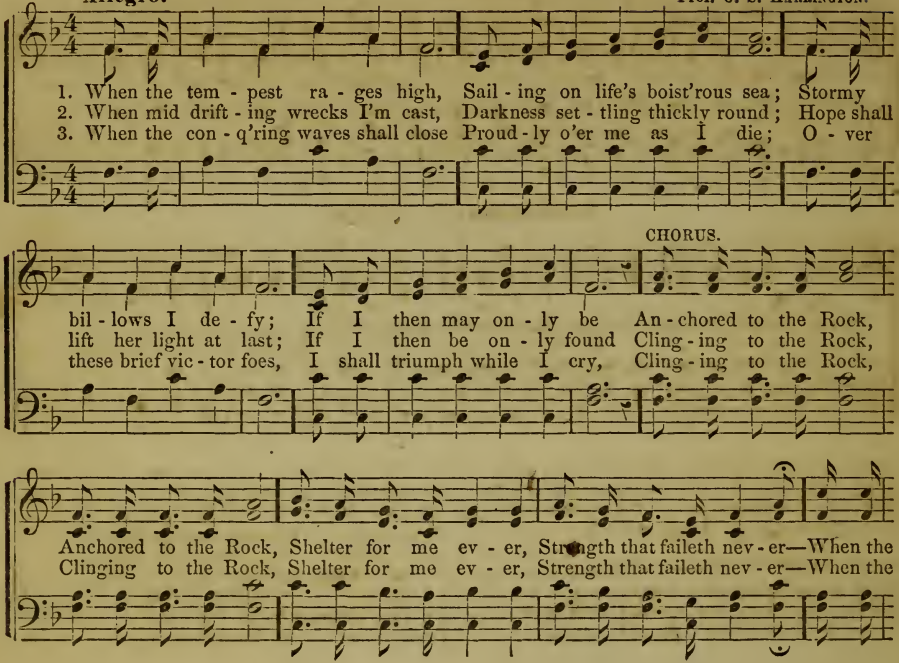
No night shall be in Heaven—but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light;
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

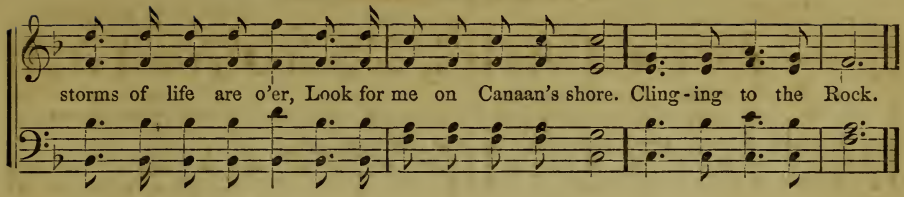
5.

No night shall be in Heaven! O had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith, [flee,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

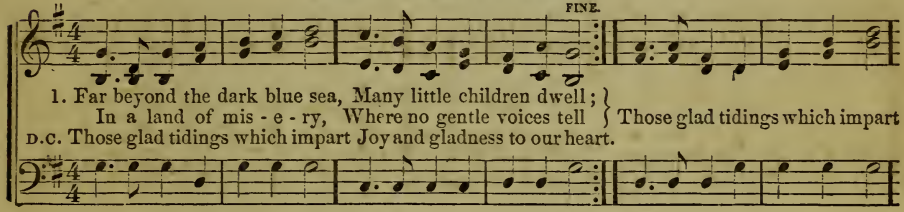
CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

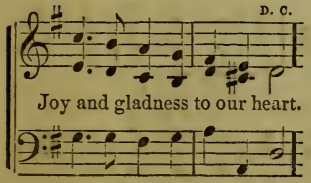
Allegro. Prof. C. S. HARRINGTON.


1. When the tem - pest ra - ges high, Sail - ing on life's boist'rous sea; Stormy
2. When mid drift - ing wrecks I'm cast, Darkness set - tling thickly round; Hope shall
3. When the con - q'ring waves shall close Proud - ly o'er me as I die; O - ver
CHORUS.
bil - lows I de - fy; If I then may on - ly be An - chored to the Rock,
lift her light at last; If I then be on - ly found Cling - ing to the Rock,
these brief vic - tor foes, I shall triumph while I cry, Cling - ing to the Rock,
Anchored to the Rock, Shelter for me ev - er, Strength that faileth nev - er—When the
Clinging to the Rock, Shelter for me ev - er, Strength that faileth nev - er—When the



MISSIONARY HYMN.


FINE.
1. Far beyond the dark blue sea, Many little children dwell;
In a land of mis-e-ry, Where no gentle voices tell
Those glad tidings which impart
D.C. Those glad tidings which impart Joy and gladness to our heart.



2.

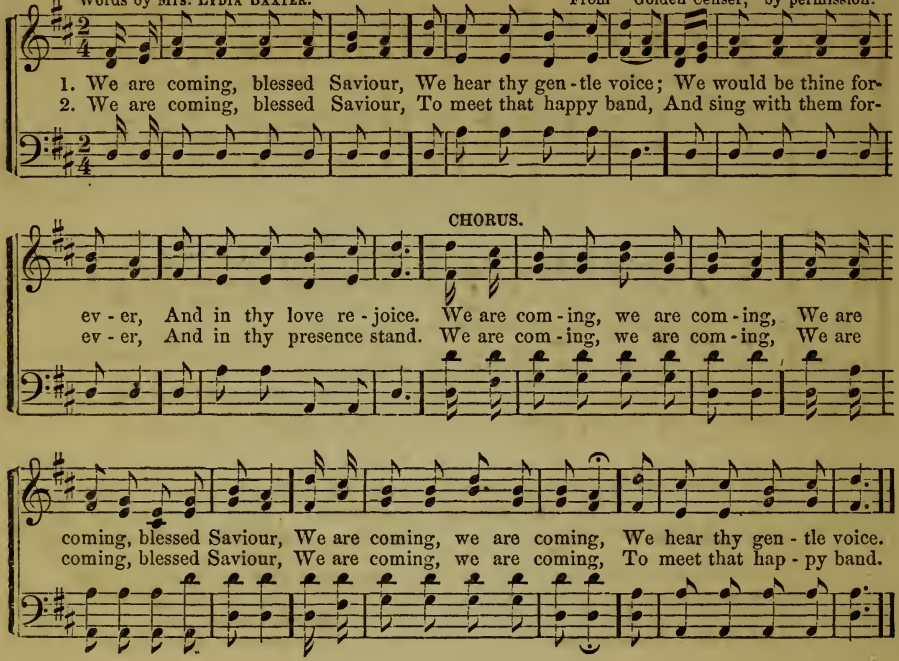
Neither light of Sabbath day,
Nor the sounds of music blend,
Not a voice to lead the way,
To the only Saviour, Friend;
But they grope thro' life and die,
Blinded to their destiny.
But they grope thro' life and die,
Blinded to their destiny.

3.

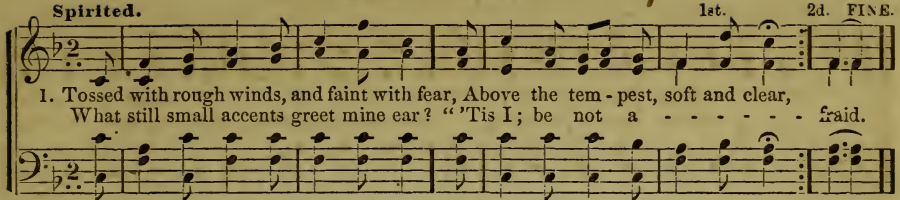
Little child with sparkling eye,
As thou daily kneel'st in prayer,
Wilt thou ask the Lord on high,
That those little ones may share
In those blessings rich and free,
Which he kindly gives to thee?
In those blessings rich and free,
Which he kindly gives to thee?

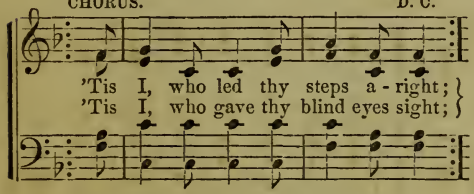
"WE ARE COMING."

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. From "Golden Censer," by permission.


1. We are coming, blessed Saviour, We hear thy gen-tle voice; We would be thine for-
2. We are coming, blessed Saviour, To meet that happy band, And sing with them for-
CHORUS.
ev-er, And in thy love re-joice. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are
ev-er, And in thy presence stand. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are
coming, blessed Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, We hear thy gen-tle voice.
coming, blessed Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, To meet that hap-py band.

BE NOT AFRAID.


Spirited.
1st.
2d.
FINE.
1. Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear, Above the tem - pest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear? "'Tis I; be not a - - - - - - fraid.
D. C.—'Tis I; thy Lord, thy life, thy light: "'Tis I; be not a - - - - - fraid."



2. These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me:
'Tis I; be not afraid." *Cho.*

3. Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head.
My blessings are around thee shed
'Tis I; be not afraid. *Cho.*

4. When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thine ear will greet;
'Tis I; be not afraid. *Cho.*

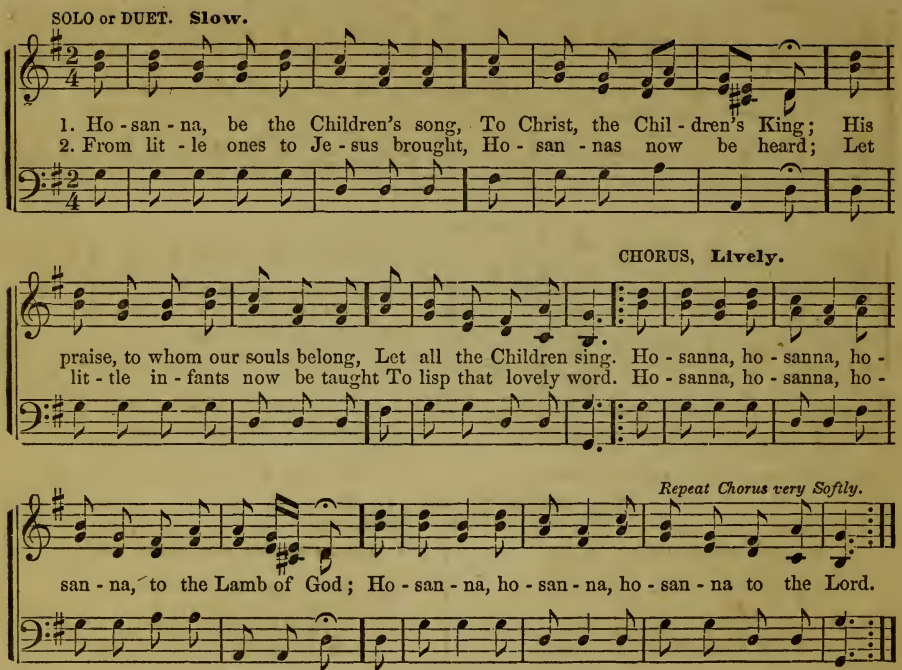
5. From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently he'll lay his hand on thee,
Whispering, "Beloved, lov'st thou me?
'Tis I; be not afraid." *Cho.*

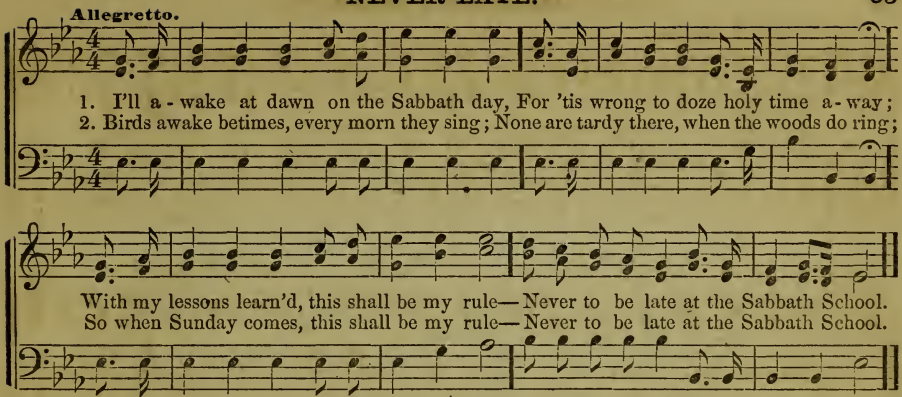
We are Coming. *Concluded.*

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house to see—
A glorious mansion ever,
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house to see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.


SOLO or DUET. Slow.
1. Ho - san - na, be the Children's song, To Christ, the Chil - dren's King; His
2. From lit - le ones to Je - sus brought, Ho - san - nas now be heard; Let
CHORUS, Lively.
praise, to whom our souls belong, Let all the Children sing. Ho - sanna, ho - sanna, ho -
lit - tle in - fants now be taught To lisp that lovely word. Ho - sanna, ho - sanna, ho -
Repeat Chorus very Softly.
san - na, to the Lamb of God; Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to the Lord.


Allegretto.
1. I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For 'tis wrong to doze holy time a - way;
2. Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing; None are tardy there, when the woods do ring;
With my lessons learn'd, this shall be my rule— Never to be late at the Sabbath School.
So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule— Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

3.

When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

4.

But these Sabbath days will too soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE, *Concluded.*

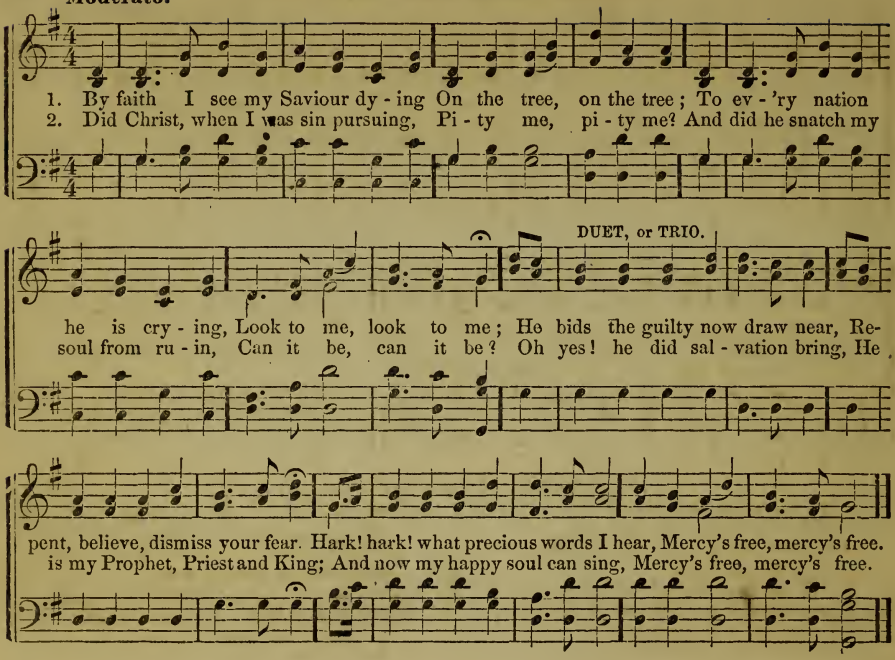
3. Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain. *Chorus.*

4. Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply. *Chorus.*

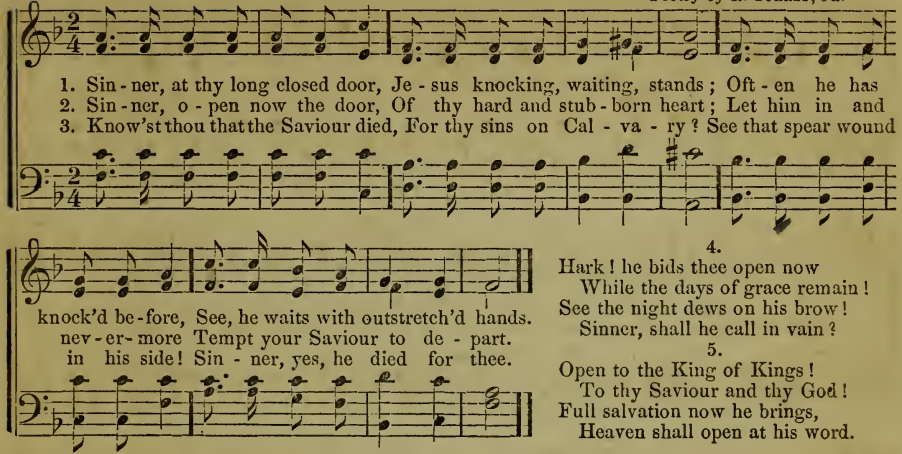
5. Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing. *Chorus.*

MERCY'S FREE.

Moderato.


1. By faith I see my Saviour dy - ing On the tree, on the tree; To ev - 'ry nation
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pi - ty me, pi - ty me? And did he snatch my
DUET, or TRIO.
he is cry - ing, Look to me, look to me; He bids the guilty now draw near, Re-
soul from ru - in, Can it be, can it be? Oh yes! he did sal - vation bring, He
pent, believe, dismiss your fear. Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, mercy's free.
is my Prophet, Priest and King; And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Poetry by R. Torrey, Jr.


1. Sin - ner, at thy long closed door, Je - sus knocking, waiting, stands; Oft - en he has
2. Sin - ner, o - pen now the door, Of thy hard and stub - born heart; Let him in and
3. Know'st thou that the Saviour died, For thy sins on Cal - va - ry? See that spear wound
knock'd be - fore, See, he waits with outstretch'd hands.
nev - er - more Tempt your Saviour to de - part.
in his side! Sin - ner, yes, he died for thee.

4.

Hark! he bids thee open now
While the days of grace remain!
See the night dews on his brow!
Sinner, shall he call in vain?

5.

Open to the King of Kings!
To thy Saviour and thy God!
Full salvation now he brings,
Heaven shall open at his word.

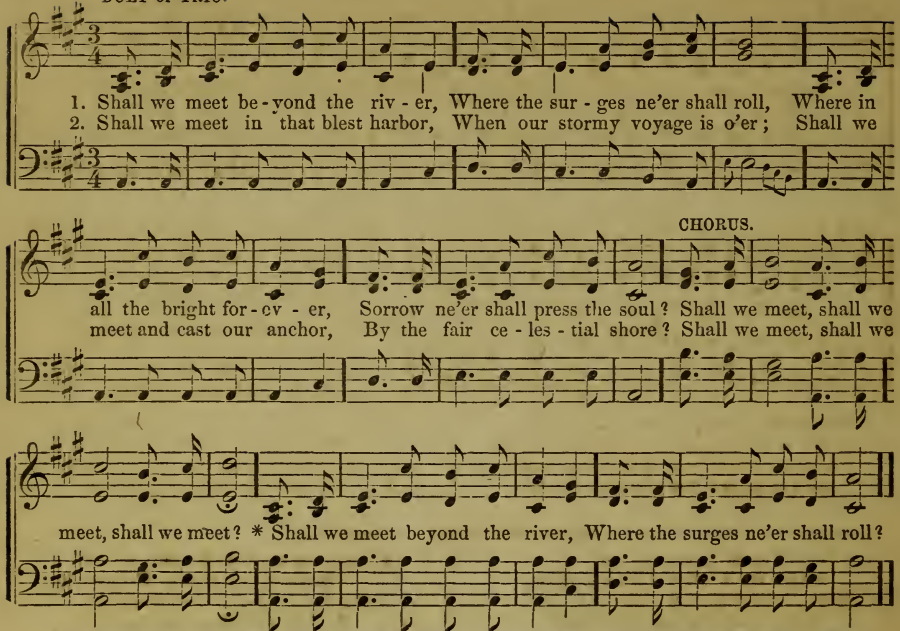
Mercy's Free. *Concluded.*

3. Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4. Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

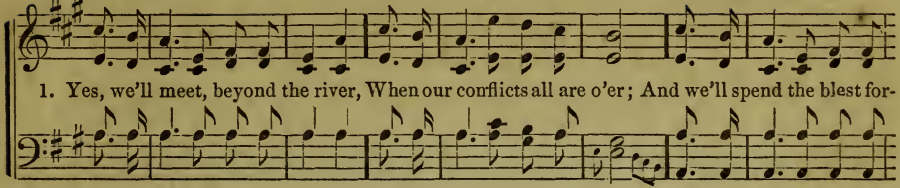
SHALL WE MEET?

DUET or TRIO.


1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges ne'er shall roll, Where in
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er; Shall we
CHORUS.
all the bright for - ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we
meet and cast our anchor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore? Shall we meet, shall we
meet, shall we meet? * Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges ne'er shall roll?

* The last two lines may be omitted and "Yes we'll meet," added as a part of the Chorus for a final ending.

Allegretto. (*Answer to, or Chorus for, "Shall we meet?"*)


1. Yes, we'll meet, beyond the river, When our conflicts all are o'er; And we'll spend the blest for-
ev - er, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.

2. Yes, we'll meet, in yonder mansions,
Where our wand'rings all shall cease;
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crown'd with perfect peace.

3. Yes, we'll meet where bliss immortal,
Sweeter far than rest can be;
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.

4. We shall meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heav'nly King.

5. We shall meet, O, weary brother,
When the burden we lay down;
We shall change our cross of anguish,
For a bright unfading crown.

Shall We Meet? *Concluded.*

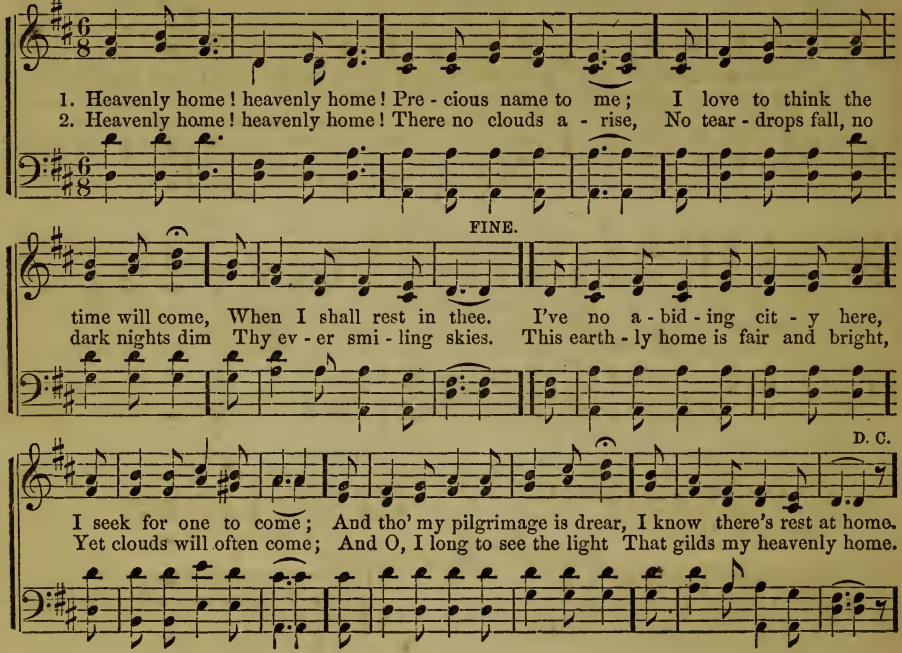
3. Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine.

4. Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

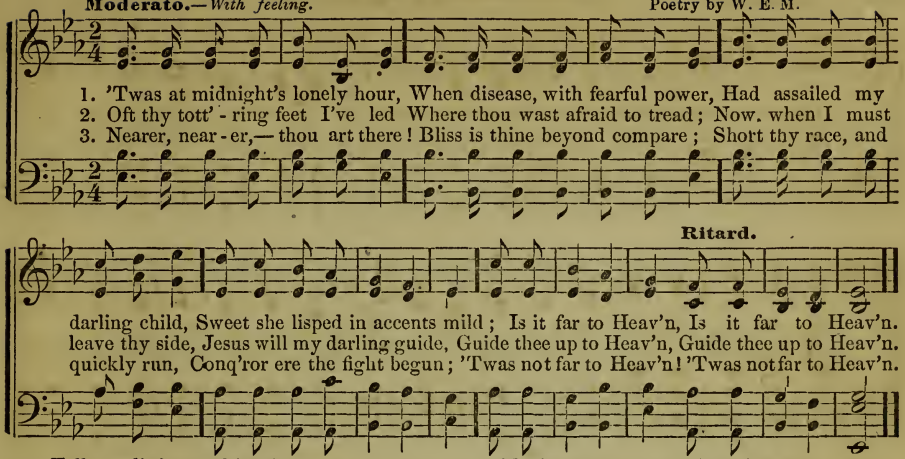
HEAVENLY HOME.

Moderato.

From "Silver Fountain," by Permission. A. J. Abbey.


1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! Pre - cious name to me; I love to think the
2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! There no clouds a - rise, No tear - drops fall, no
FINE.
time will come, When I shall rest in thee. I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here,
dark nights dim Thy ev - er smi - ling skies. This earth - ly home is fair and bright,
D. C.
I seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrimage is drear, I know there's rest at home.
Yet clouds will often come; And O, I long to see the light That gilds my heavenly home.

Moderato.—*With feeling.* Poetry by W. E. M.


1. 'Twas at midnight's lonely hour, When disease, with fearful power, Had assailed my
2. Oft thy tott' - ring feet I've led Where thou wast afraid to tread; Now. when I must
3. Nearer, near - er,— thou art there! Bliss is thine beyond compare; Short thy race, and
Ritard.
darling child, Sweet she lisped in accents mild; Is it far to Heav'n, Is it far to Heav'n.
leave thy side, Jesus will my darling guide, Guide thee up to Heav'n, Guide thee up to Heav'n.
quickly run, Conq'ror ere the fight begun; 'Twas not far to Heav'n! 'Twas not far to Heav'n.

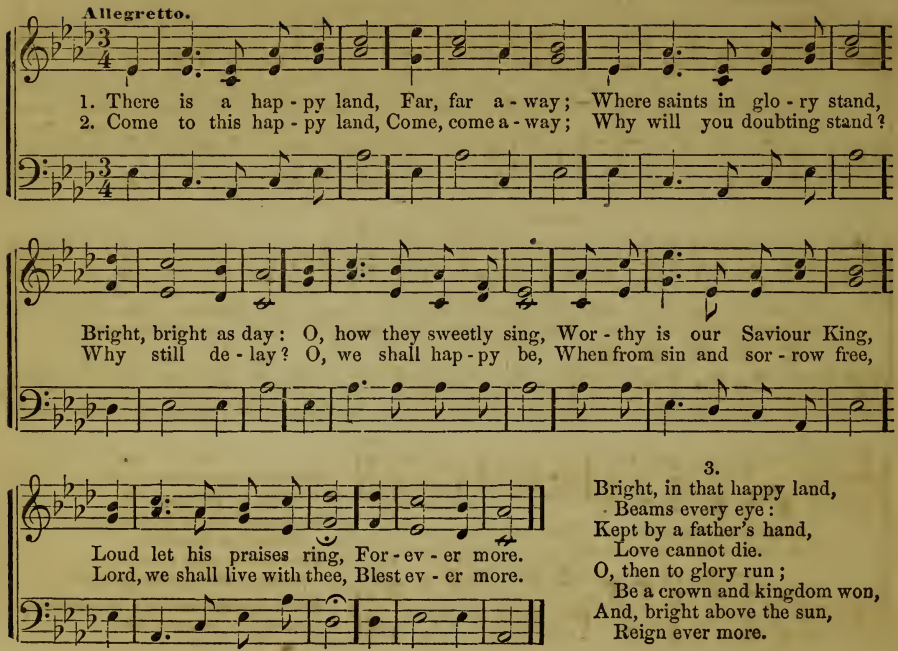
4. Tell me, little angel bright,
Clad in robes of spotless white,
Perfect knowledge to thee given—
Tell *me* is it far to Heaven?
Is it far to Heaven?

5. No, 'tis near, through Jesus' blood,
Near to all who trust in God;
But how near, how passing fair,
With a precious treasure there!
Oh, 'tis near to Heaven!

Heavenly Home. *Concluded.*

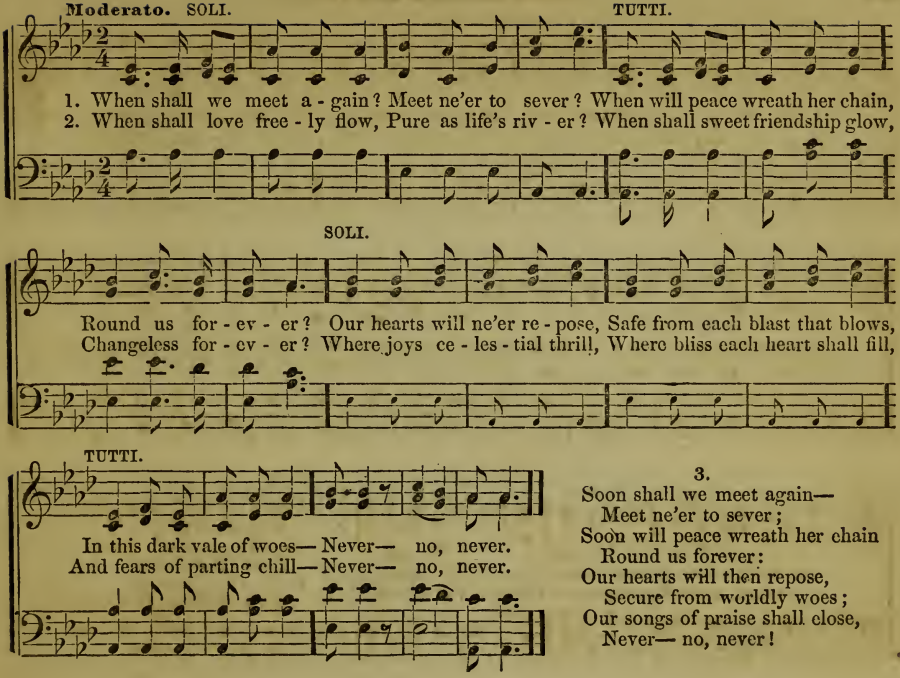
3. Heavenly home! heavenly home!
Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there,
For all is peace at home.

I know I ne'er shall worthy be,
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome,
But Christ my Saviour died for me,
And now he calls me home.


Allegretto.
1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubting stand?
Bright, bright as day: O, how they sweetly sing, Wor - thy is our Saviour King,
Why still de - lay? O, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sor - row free,
Loud let his praises ring, For - ev - er more.
Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest ev - er more.

3.

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
Reign ever more.

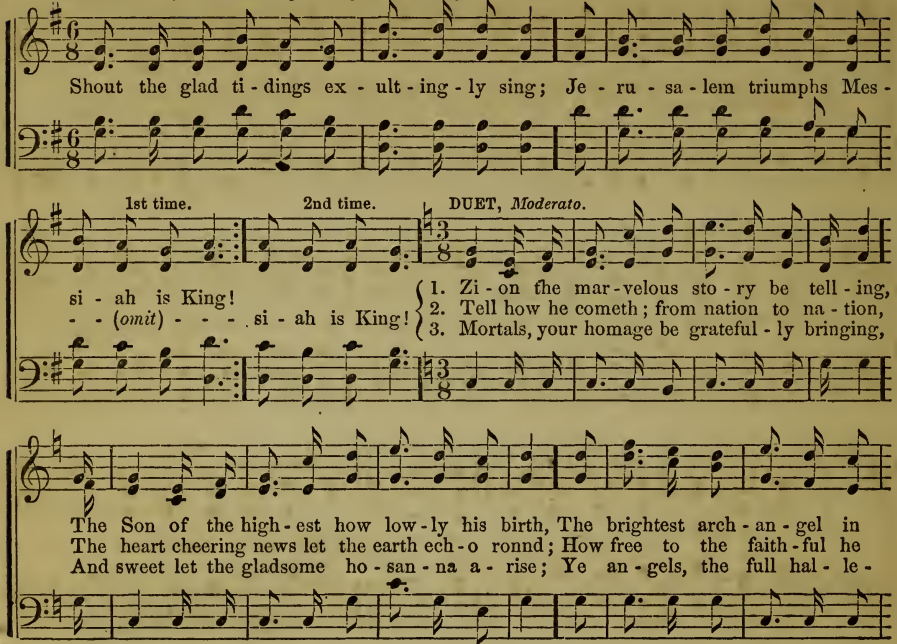

Moderato. SOLI.
TUTTI.
1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain,
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow,
SOLI.
Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows,
Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill,
TUTTI.
In this dark vale of woes— Never— no, never.
And fears of parting chill— Never— no, never.

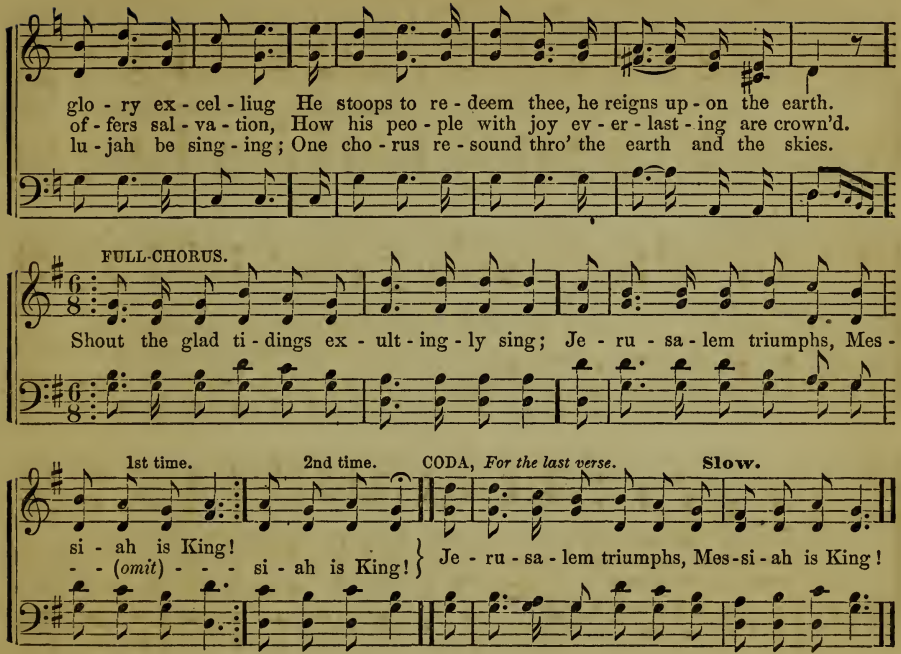
3.

Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never— no, never!

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

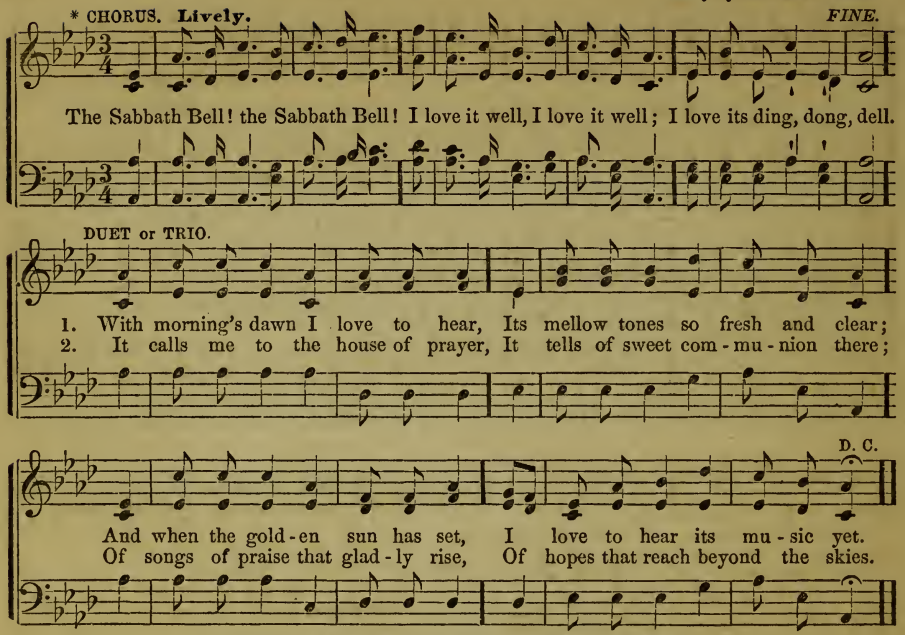
SEMI-CHORUS, *To be used before the first verse only.*


Shout the glad ti - dings ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs Mes -
1st time.
2nd time.
si - ah is King!
- - (*omit*) - - - si - ah is King!
DUET, *Moderato.*
1. Zi - on the mar - velous sto - ry be tell - ing,
2. Tell how he cometh; from nation to na - tion,
3. Mortals, your homage be grateful - ly bringing,
The Son of the high - est how low - ly his birth, The brightest arch - an - gel in
The heart cheering news let the earth ech - o ronnd; How free to the faith - ful he
And sweet let the gladsome ho - san - na a - rise; Ye an - gels, the full hal - le -

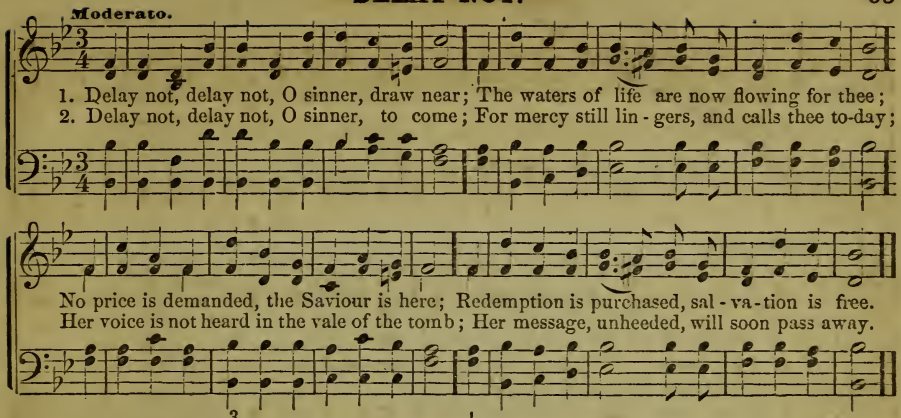

glo - ry ex - cel - liug He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns up - on the earth.
of - fers sal - va - tion, How his peo - ple with joy ev - er - last - ing are crown'd.
lu - jah be sing - ing; One cho - rus re - sound thro' the earth and the skies.
FULL-CHORUS.
Shout the glad ti - dings ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes -
1st time.
2nd time.
CODA, For the last verse.
Slow.
si - ah is King!
- - (omit) - - - si - ah is King!
Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King!

SABBATH BELLS.

Poetry by Rev. E. H. Nevin.


* CHORUS. Lively.
FINE.
The Sabbath Bell! the Sabbath Bell! I love it well, I love it well; I love its ding, dong, dell.
DUET or TRIO.
1. With morning's dawn I love to hear, Its mellow tones so fresh and clear;
2. It calls me to the house of prayer, It tells of sweet com-mu-nion there;
D. C.
And when the gold-en sun has set, I love to hear its mu-sic yet.
Of songs of praise that glad-ly rise, Of hopes that reach beyond the skies.

* Use Chorus *before* first verse only, but *after* all the verses.


Moderato.
1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near; The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
2. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come; For mercy still lin - gers, and calls thee to-day;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here; Redemption is purchased, sal - va - tion is free.
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb; Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

3.

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

4.

Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What pow'r then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

Sabbath Bells, *Concluded.*

It makes the young hearts leap and sing,
With sound of soft and pleasant ring,
For when it falls upon their ear,
They know the Sabbath school is near. *Cho.*

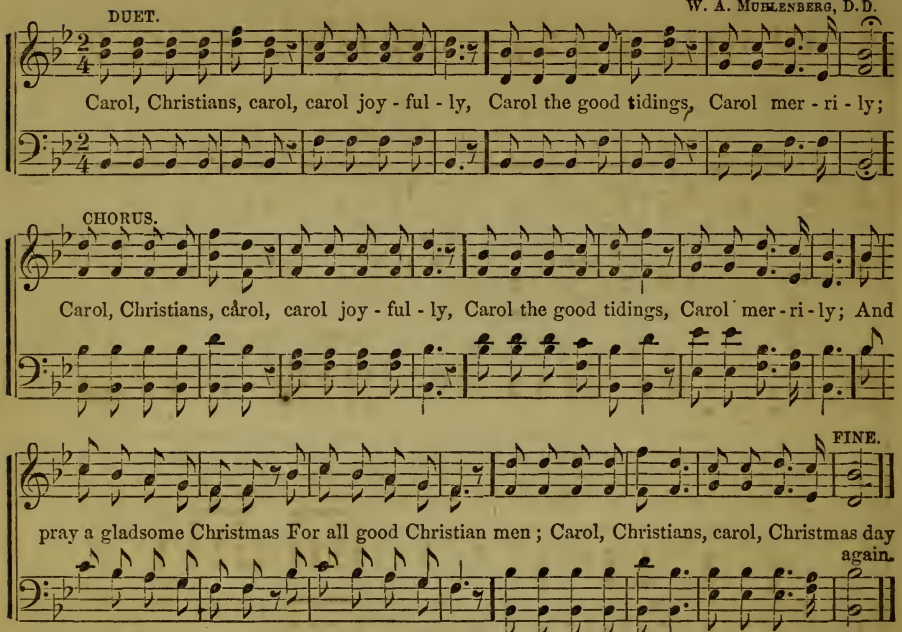
4.

It calls the weary ones to rest,
And calms the sad and troubled breast;
With stirring peals that float abroad,
It makes the careless think of God. *Cho.*

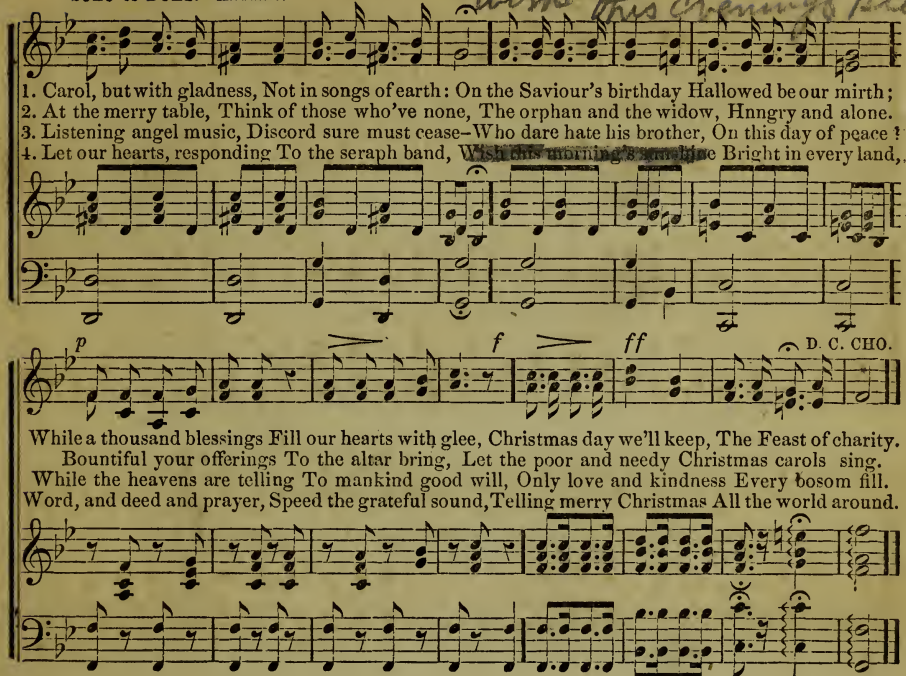
5.

O, may it ring, till everywhere
Its welcome music fills the air,
And earth, now wrapt in gloomy night,
Be crown'd with Sabbath's holy light. *Cho.*

W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D.

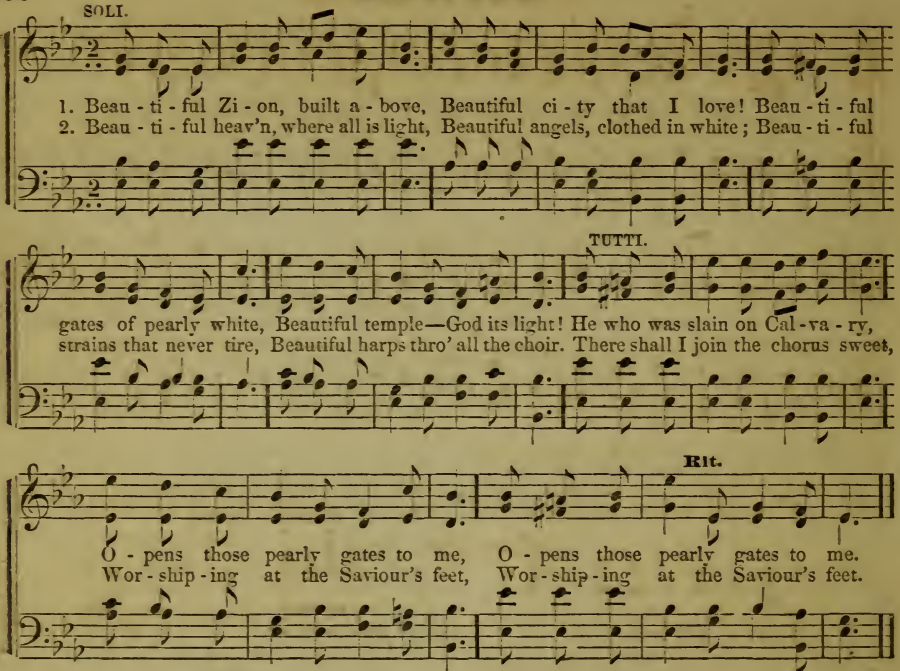

DUET.
Carol, Christians, carol, carol joy - ful - ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer - ri - ly;
CHORUS.
Carol, Christians, carol, carol joy - ful - ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer - ri - ly; And
FINE.
pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men; Carol, Christians, carol, Christmas day again.

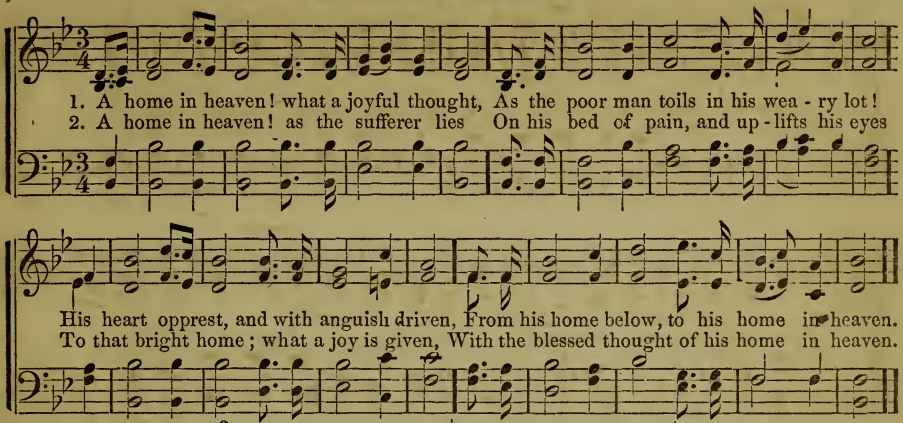
SOLO or DUET. *Andante.*



1. Carol, but with gladness, Not in songs of earth: On the Saviour's birthday Hallowed be our mirth;
2. At the merry table, Think of those who've none, The orphan and the widow, Hnngry and alone.
3. Listening angel music, Discord sure must cease–Who dare hate his brother, On this day of peace?
4. Let our hearts, responding To the seraph band, With this morning's sunshine Bright in every land,

While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day we'll keep, The Feast of charity.
Bountiful your offerings To the altar bring, Let the poor and needy Christmas carols sing.
While the heavens are telling To mankind good will, Only love and kindness Every bosom fill.
Word, and deed and prayer, Speed the grateful sound, Telling merry Christmas All the world around.


SOLI.
1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful ci - ty that I love! Beau - ti - ful
2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beau - ti - ful
TUTTI.
gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,
strains that never tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir. There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Rit.
O - pens those pearly gates to me, O - pens those pearly gates to me.
Wor - ship - ing at the Saviour's feet, Wor - ship - ing at the Saviour's feet.


1. A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot!
2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and up - lifts his eyes
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven, From his home below, to his home in heaven.
To that bright home; what a joy is given, With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3.

A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

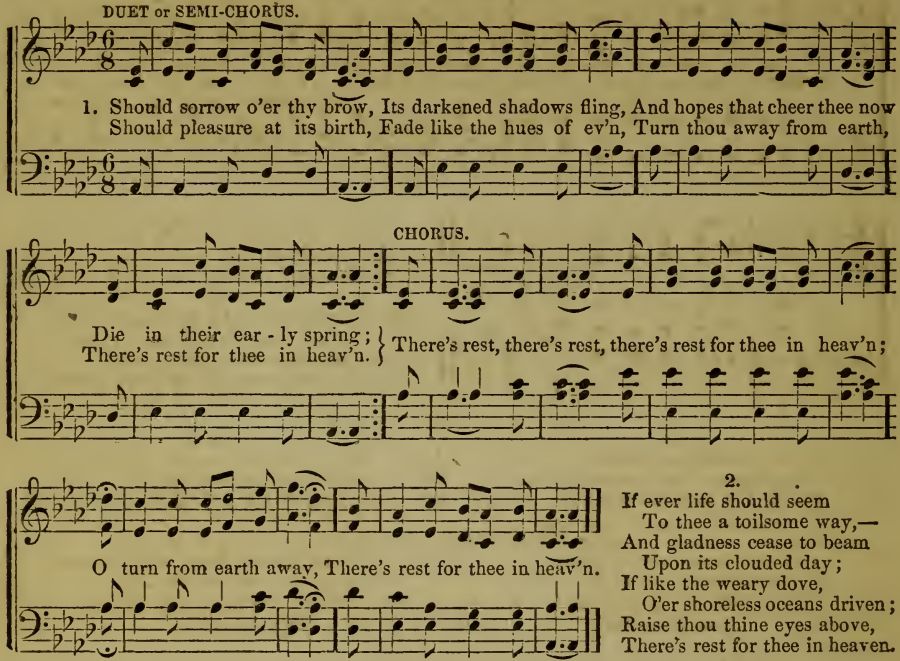
4.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
To meet them all in our home in heaven.

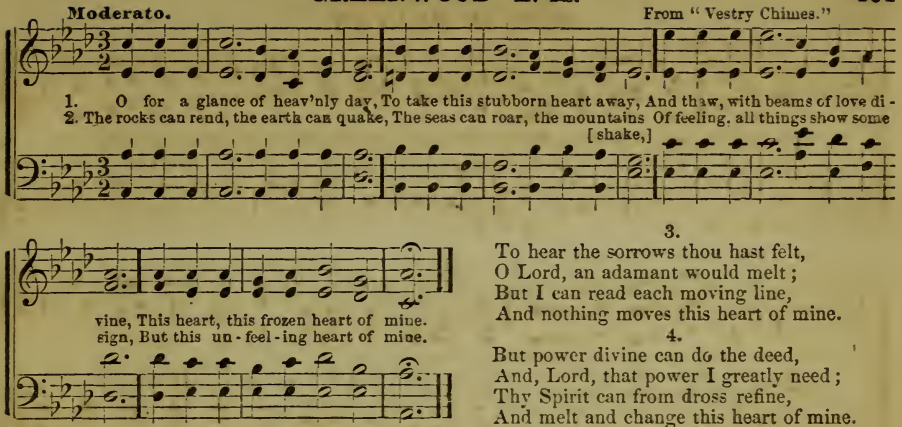
MOUNT ZION, *Concluded.*

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I go with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see—
Haste to his heavenly home with me.


DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.
1. Should sorrow o'er thy brow, Its darkened shadows fling, And hopes that cheer thee now
Should pleasure at its birth, Fade like the hues of ev'n, Turn thou away from earth,
CHORUS.
Die in their ear - ly spring;
There's rest for thee in heav'n.
There's rest, there's rest, there's rest for thee in heav'n;
O turn from earth away, There's rest for thee in heav'n.

2.
If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way,—
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless oceans driven;
Raise thou thine eyes above,
There's rest for thee in heaven.


Moderato.
From "Vestry Chimes."
1. O for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stubborn heart away, And thaw, with beams of love di-
2. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake, The seas can roar, the mountains Of feeling. all things show some
[shake,]
vine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
sign, But this un-feel-ing heart of mine.

3.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4.

But power divine can do the deed,
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

Rest in Heaven. *Concluded.*

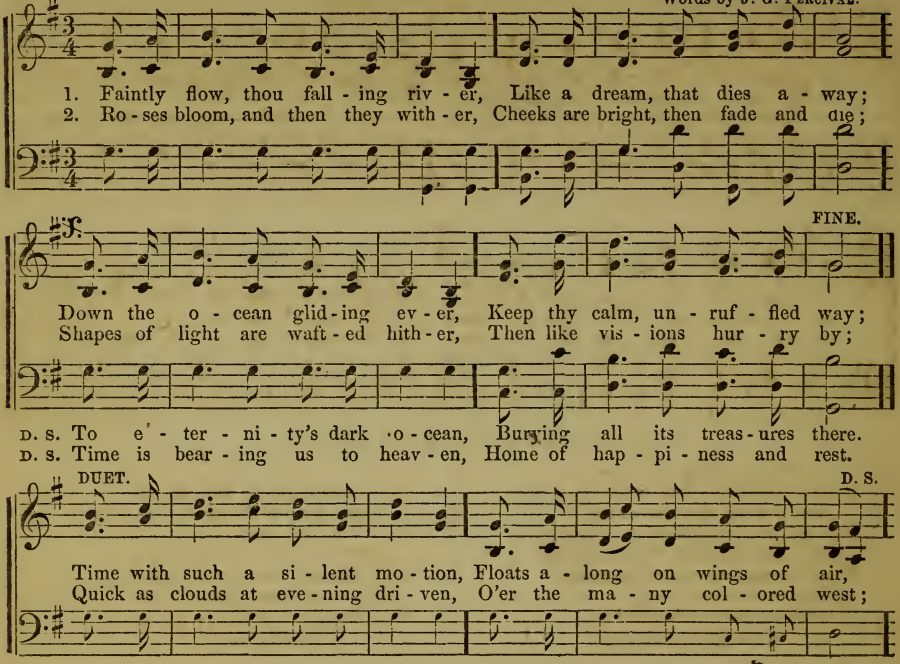
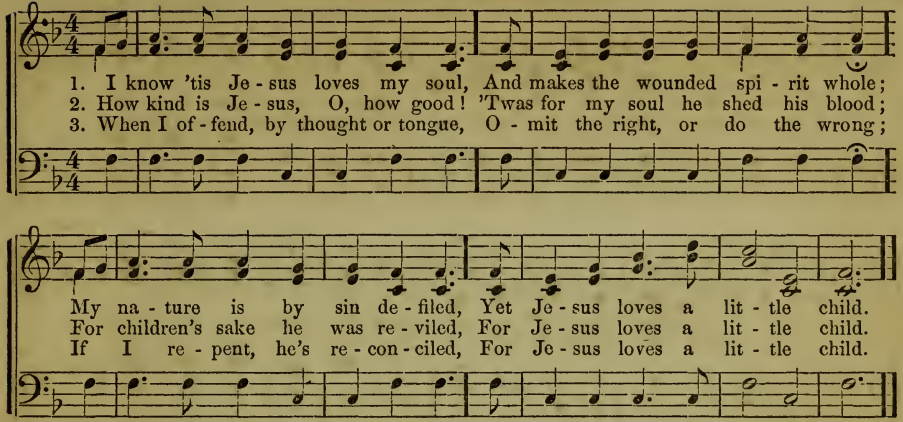
3.

But O, if thornless flowers
  Throughout thy pathway bloom,—
And joyf'ly fleet the hours,
  Unstained by earthly gloom;—
Still, let not ev'ry thought
  To this poor world be given;
Nor always be forgot
  Thy better rest in heaven.
    There's rest, &c.

4.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
  And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
  Tell of a time to die;—
Sweet hope will whisper then,
  Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond the ken,
  There's rest for thee in heaven!
    There's rest, &c.

LIFE'S FLOWING RIVER.

Words by J. G. Percival.

1. Faintly flow, thou fall - ing riv - er, Like a dream, that dies a - way;
2. Ro - ses bloom, and then they with - er, Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
FINE.
Down the o - cean glid - ing ev - er, Keep thy calm, un - ruf - fled way;
Shapes of light are waft - ed hith - er, Then like vis - ions hur - ry by;
D. S. To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Burying all its treas - ures there.
D. S. Time is bear - ing us to heav - en, Home of hap - pi - ness and rest.
DUET.
D. S.
Time with such a si - lent mo - tion, Floats a - long on wings of air,
Quick as clouds at eve - ning dri - ven, O'er the ma - ny col - ored west;

1. I know 'tis Je - sus loves my soul, And makes the wounded spi - rit whole;
2. How kind is Je - sus, O, how good! 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;
3. When I of - fend, by thought or tongue, O - mit the right, or do the wrong;
My na - ture is by sin de - filed, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.
For children's sake he was re - viled, For Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.
If I re - pent, he's re - con - ciled, For Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.

Hymn for "Life's Flowing River."

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

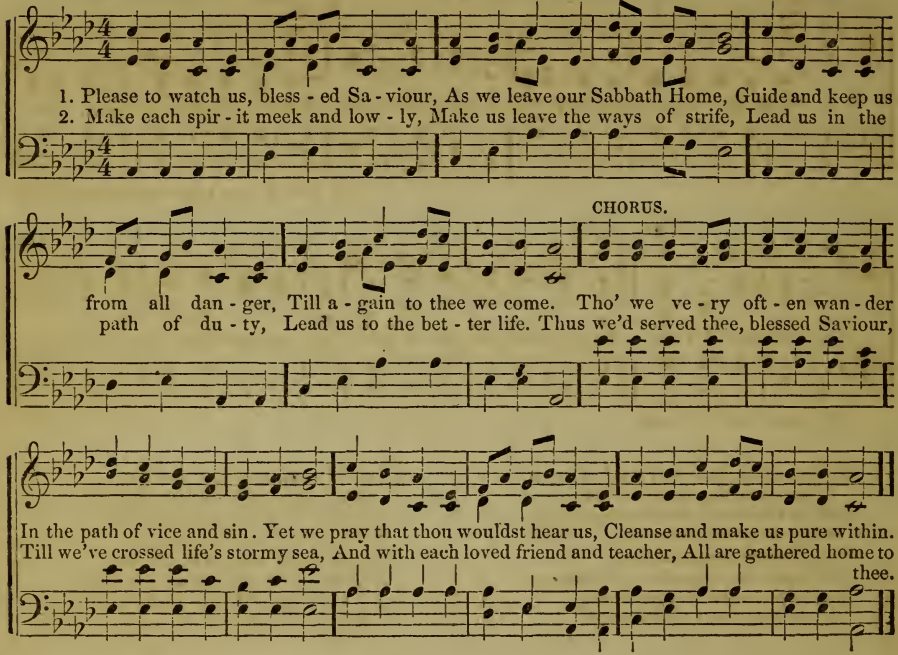
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

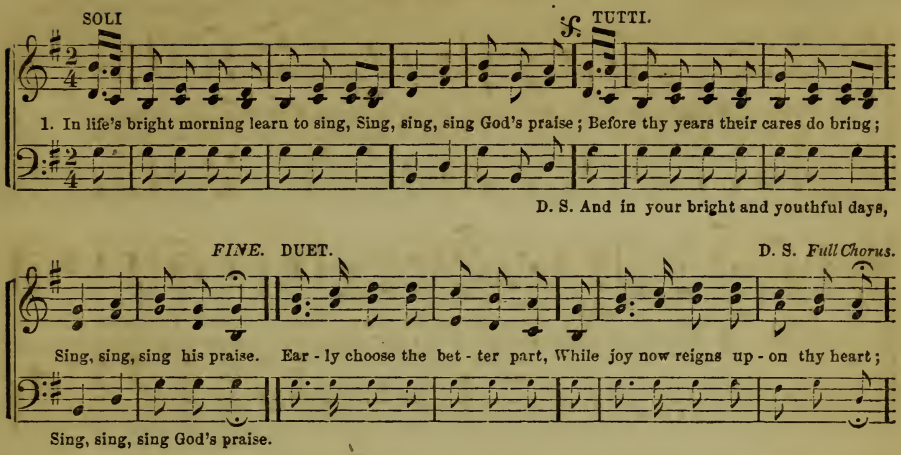
2.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

PARTING HYMN.

SEMI-CHORUS. From "Silver Fountain," by Permission. A. J. ABBEY.


1. Please to watch us, bless - ed Sa - viour, As we leave our Sabbath Home, Guide and keep us
2. Make each spir - it meek and low - ly, Make us leave the ways of strife, Lead us in the
CHORUS.
from all dan - ger, Till a - gain to thee we come. Tho' we ve - ry oft - en wan - der
path of du - ty, Lead us to the bet - ter life. Thus we'd served thee, blessed Saviour,
In the path of vice and sin. Yet we pray that thou wouldst hear us, Cleanse and make us pure within.
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea, And with each loved friend and teacher, All are gathered home to
thee.


SOLI
TUTTI.
1. In life's bright morning learn to sing, Sing, sing, sing God's praise; Before thy years their cares do bring;
D. S. And in your bright and youthful days,
FINE. DUET.
D. S. Full Chorus.
Sing, sing, sing his praise. Ear - ly choose the bet - ter part, While joy now reigns up - on thy heart;
Sing, sing, sing God's praise.

2.

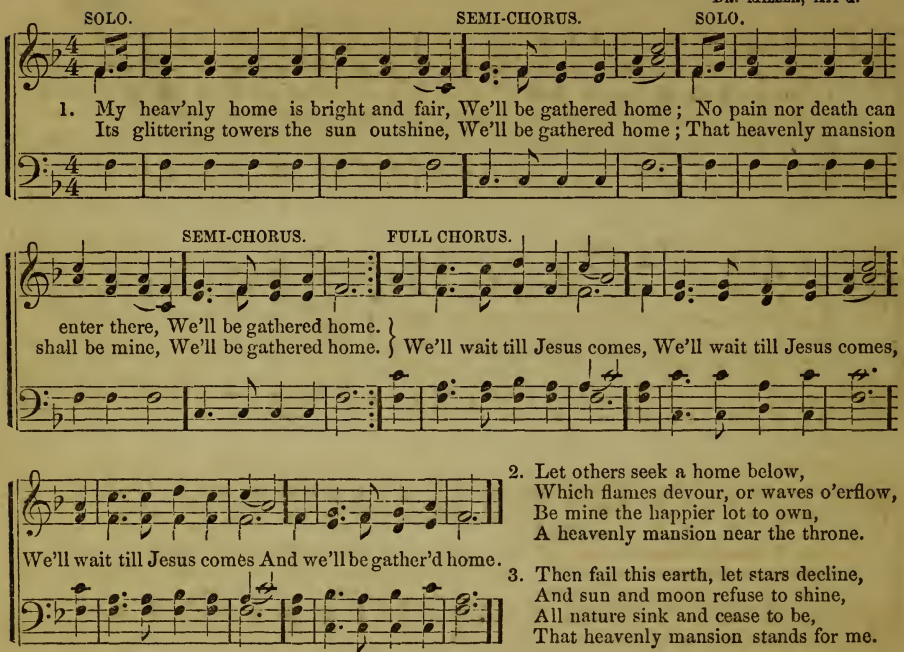
When age appears and shadows come,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise;
And as you near your heavenly home,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
Ever keep his promise near,
And walk with humble godly fear—
And in thy calm and riper days,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise.

3.

Let all unite to praise the Lord,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise;
For all the blessings of his word,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
Sound aloud your Maker's name,
And all his mercies now proclaim—
Let heart and voice in joyful lays,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

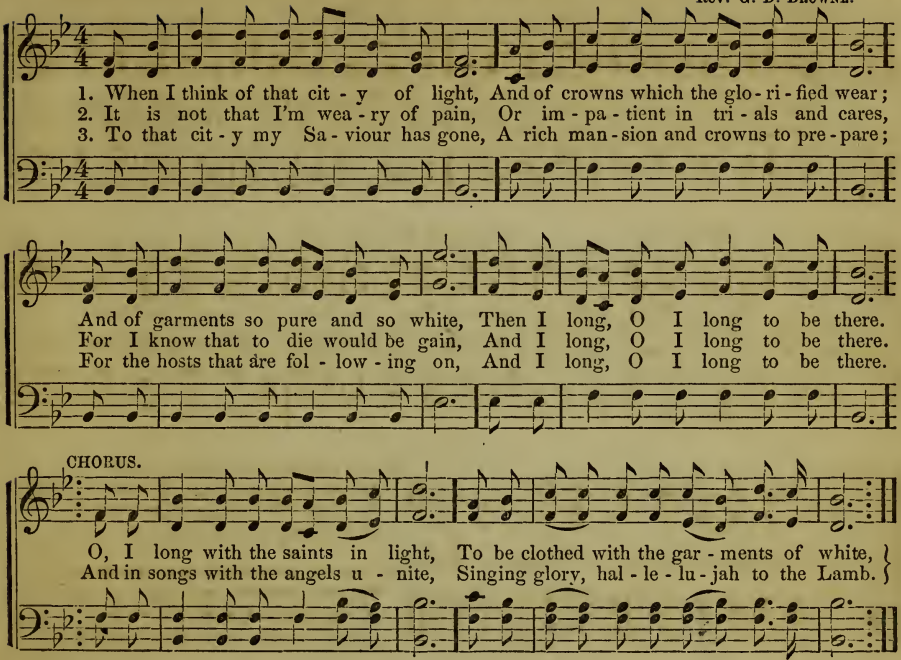
Dr. Miller, Arr'd.


SOLO.
SEMI-CHORUS.
SOLO.
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home; No pain nor death can
Its glittering towers the sun outshine, We'll be gathered home; That heavenly mansion
SEMI-CHORUS.
FULL CHORUS.
enter there, We'll be gathered home.
shall be mine, We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes And we'll be gather'd home.

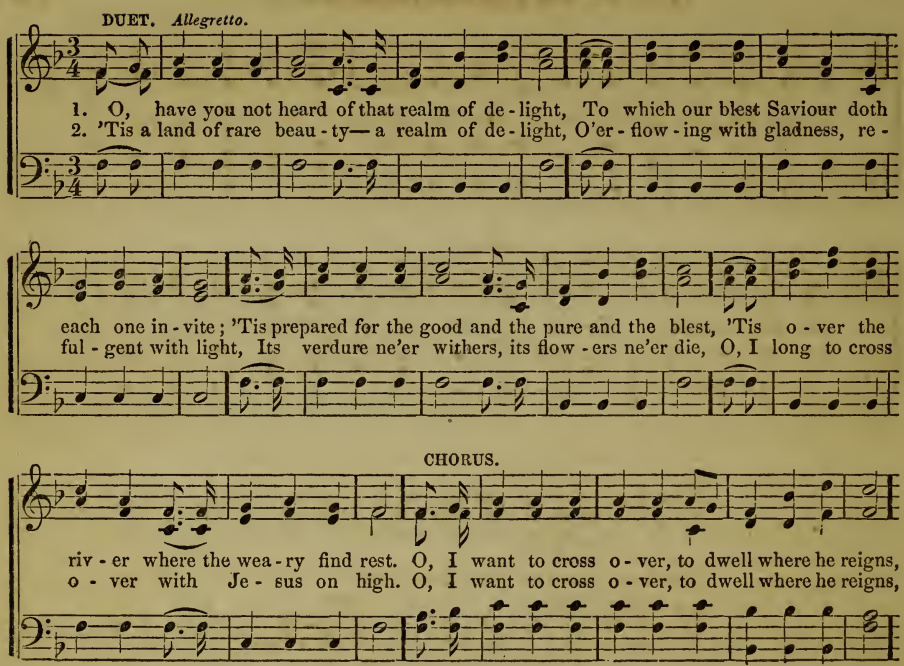
2. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

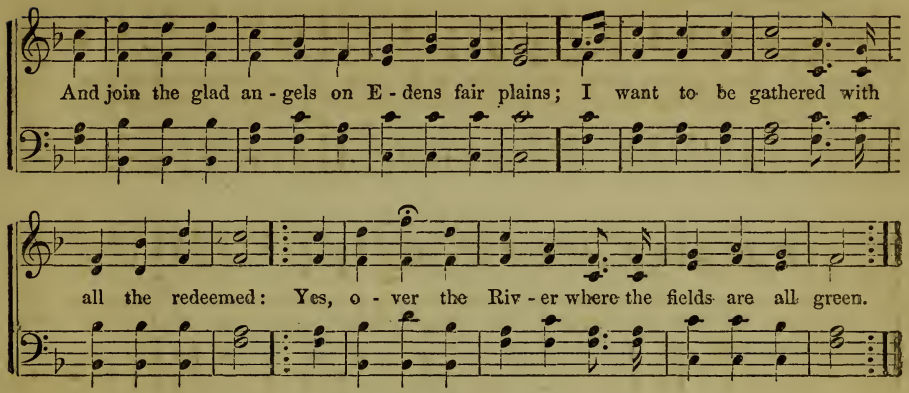
3. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

Rev. G. D. Browne.


1. When I think of that cit - y of light, And of crowns which the glo - ri - fied wear;
2. It is not that I'm wea - ry of pain, Or im - pa - tient in tri - als and cares,
3. To that cit - y my Sa - viour has gone, A rich man - sion and crowns to pre - pare;
And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, O I long to be there.
For I know that to die would be gain, And I long, O I long to be there.
For the hosts that are fol - low - ing on, And I long, O I long to be there.
CHORUS.
O, I long with the saints in light, To be clothed with the gar - ments of white,
And in songs with the angels u - nite, Singing glory, hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

I WANT TO CROSS OVER.


DUET. Allegretto.
1. O, have you not heard of that realm of de - light, To which our blest Saviour doth
2. 'Tis a land of rare beau - ty— a realm of de - light, O'er - flow - ing with gladness, re -
each one in - vite; 'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blest, 'Tis o - ver the
ful - gent with light, Its verdure ne'er withers, its flow - ers ne'er die, O, I long to cross
CHORUS.
riv - er where the wea - ry find rest. O, I want to cross o - ver, to dwell where he reigns,
o - ver with Je - sus on high. O, I want to cross o - ver, to dwell where he reigns,

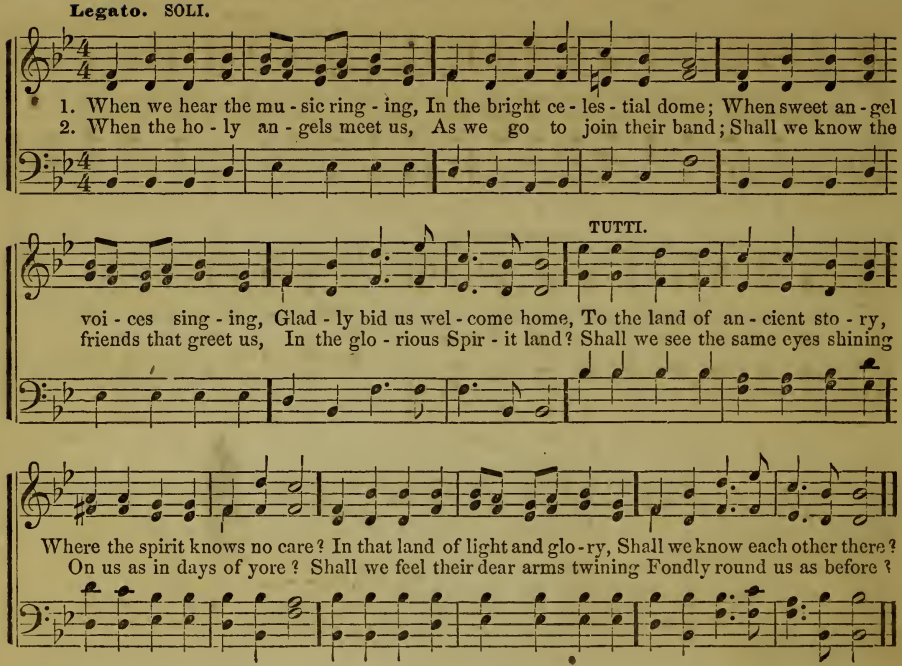

And join the glad an - gels on E - dens fair plains; I want to be gathered with
all the redeemed: Yes, o - ver the Riv - er where the fields are all green.

3.

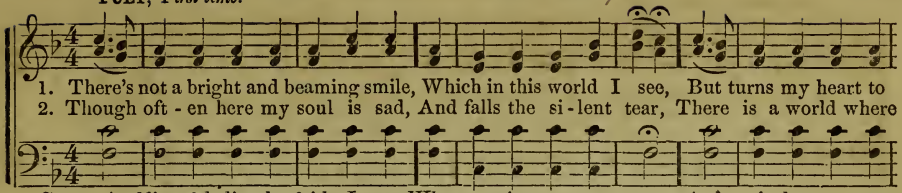
There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,
Away o'er the river where the valleys are green.
O, I want to cross over, &c.

4.

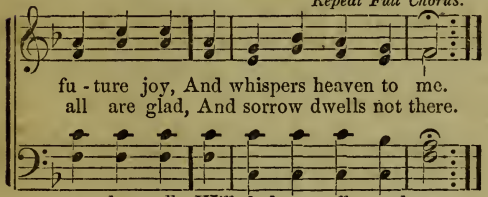
'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever, all happy and free;
I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark river,—bright angels will guide.
O, I want to cross over, &c.


Legato. SOLI.
1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing, In the bright ce - les - tial dome; When sweet an - gel
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we know the
TUTTI.
voi - ces sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel - come home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry,
friends that greet us, In the glo - rious Spir - it land? Shall we see the same eyes shining
Where the spirit knows no care? In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each other there?
On us as in days of yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly round us as before?

DUET, *First time.*


1. There's not a bright and beaming smile, Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to
2. Though oft - en here my soul is sad, And falls the si - lent tear, There is a world where
CHO. A bliss-ful clime by faith I see, Where partings nev - er come; And end - less a - ges

Repeat Full Chorus.



3.

I never clasp a friendly hand
In greeting or farewell,
But thoughts of my eternal home
Within my bosom swell. *Chorus.*

4.

A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
No thoughts of parting come,
But never ending ages still
Shall find us all at home. *Chorus.*

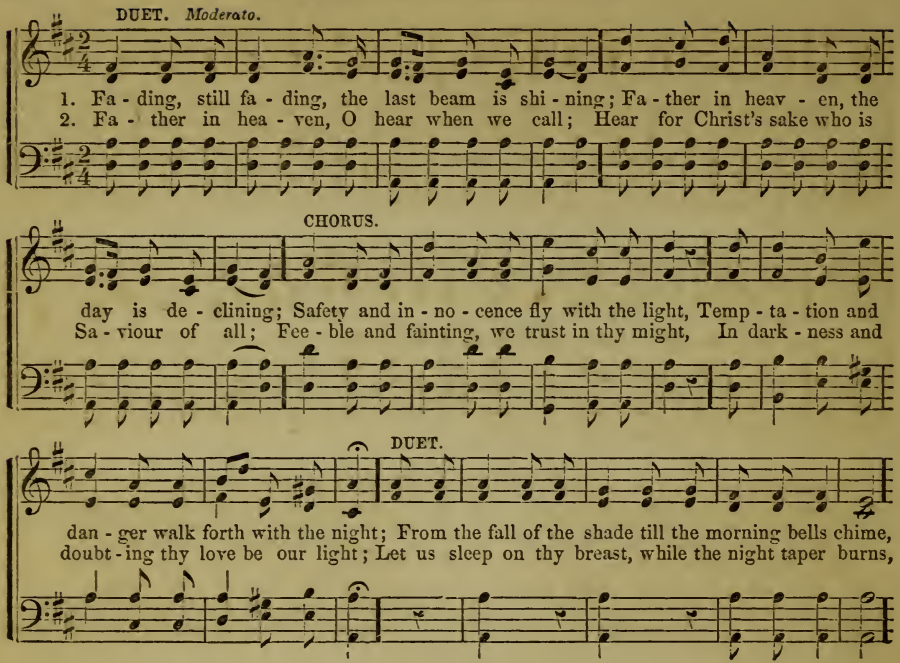
THE SPIRIT LAND *Concluded.*

3.

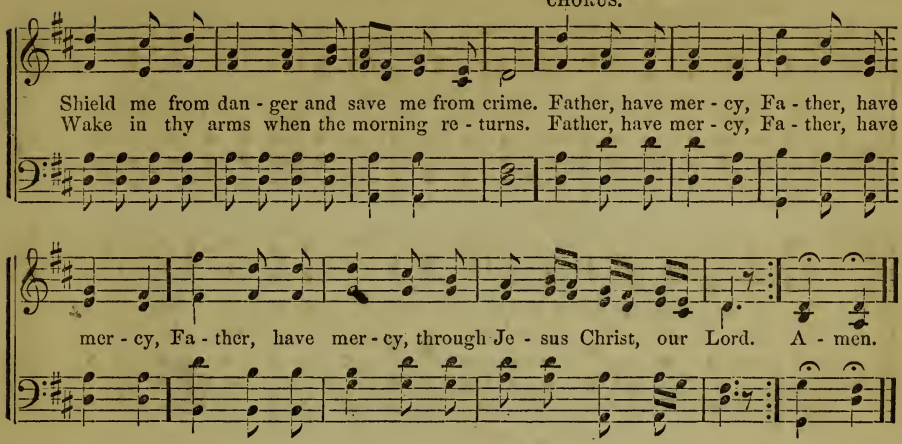
Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4.

O, ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the lov'd and lost ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"


DUET. Moderato.
1. Fa - ding, still fa - ding, the last beam is shi - ning; Fa - ther in heav - en, the
2. Fa - ther in hea - ven, O hear when we call; Hear for Christ's sake who is
CHORUS.
day is de - clining; Safety and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temp - ta - tion and
Sa - viour of all; Fee - ble and fainting, we trust in thy might, In dark - ness and
DUET.
dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
doubt - ing thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast, while the night taper burns,

CHORUS.

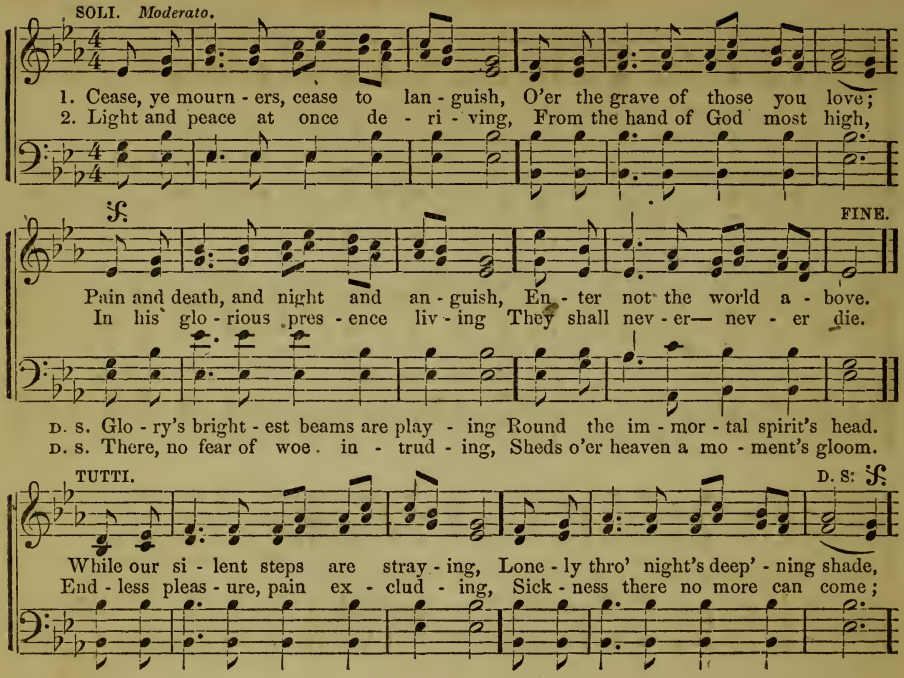

Shield me from dan - ger and save me from crime. Father, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have
Wake in thy arms when the morning re - turns. Father, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have
mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy, through Je - sus Christ, our Lord. A - men.

3.

Father, hear us, when we pray;
Look in mercy from above;
Turn not, Lord, thy face away;
Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love.
Turn not, Lord, thy face away;
Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love.
Father, hear us, Father, hear us,
Hear and grant thy pard'ning love.

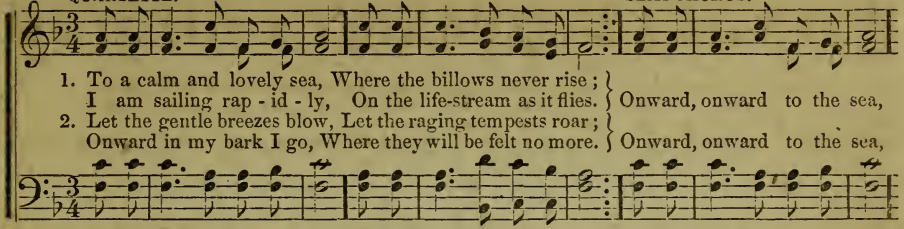
4.

In the name of Christ we come,
Asking grace and seeking peace;
Raise our hearts to heaven, our home,
And from worldly cares release.
Raise our hearts to heaven, our home.
And from worldly cares release.
Father, hear us, Father, hear us,
Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love. Amen.

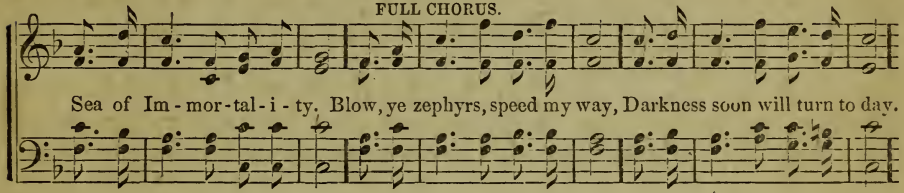

SOLI. Moderato.
1. Cease, ye mourn - ers, cease to lan - guish, O'er the grave of those you love;
2. Light and peace at once de - ri - ving, From the hand of God most high,
Pain and death, and night and an - guish, En - ter not the world a - bove.
In his glo - rious pres - ence liv - ing They shall nev - er— nev - er die.
FINE.
D. S. Glo - ry's bright - est beams are play - ing Round the im - mor - tal spirit's head.
D. S. There, no fear of woe in - trud - ing, Sheds o'er heaven a mo - ment's gloom.
TUTTI.
D. S.
While our si - lent steps are stray - ing, Lone - ly thro' night's deep' - ning shade,
End - less pleas - ure, pain ex - clud - ing, Sick - ness there no more can come;

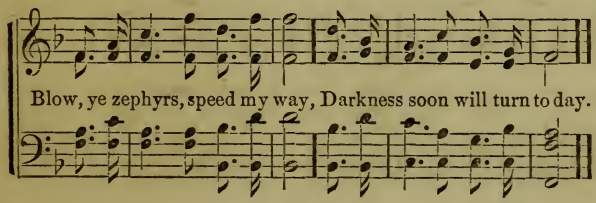
Poetry by Rev. E. H. Nevin.

QUARTETTE. SEMI-CHORUS.


1. To a calm and lovely sea, Where the billows never rise;
I am sailing rap - id - ly, On the life-stream as it flies.
Onward, onward to the sea,
2. Let the gentle breezes blow, Let the raging tempests roar;
Onward in my bark I go, Where they will be felt no more.
Onward, onward to the sea,

FULL CHORUS.





3.

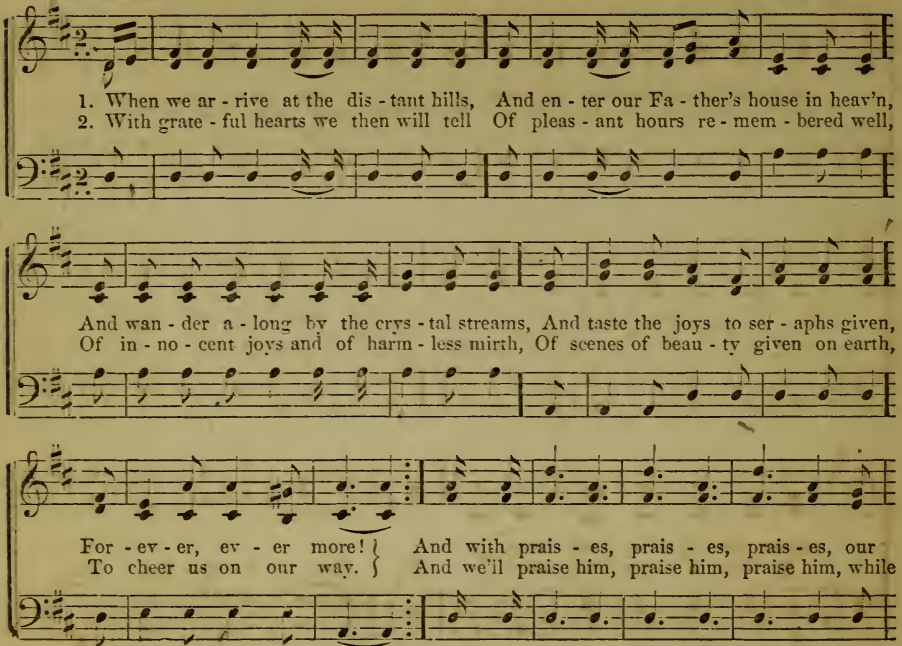
Faith and Hope my pilots are;
They will steer me all my way,
O'er me hangs the morning star,
With its bright and cheerful ray.

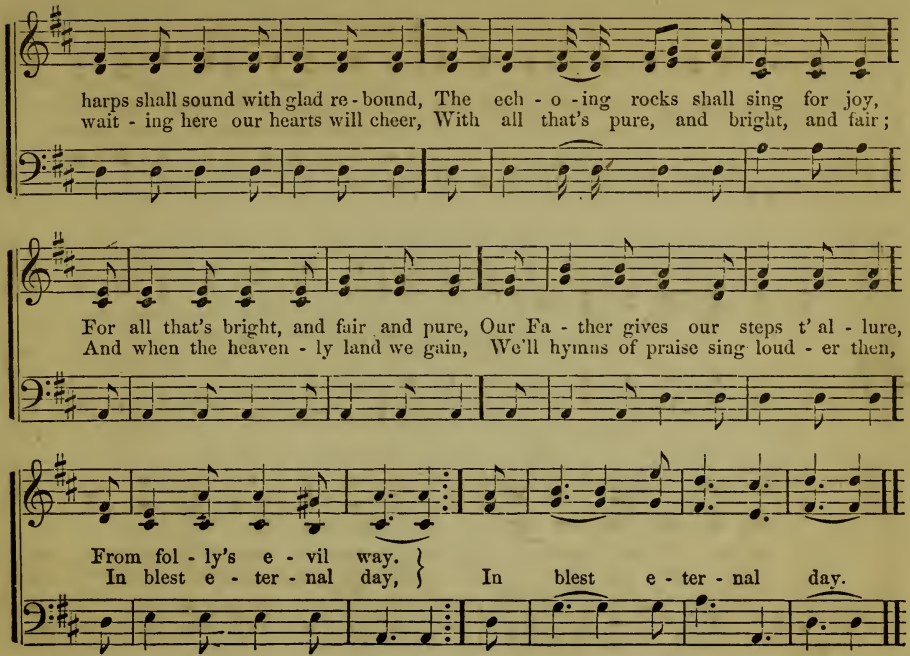
4.

When I reach the blessed sea,
Sea of glory, sea of rest,
God will wipe my tears away,
He will calm my troubl'd breast.

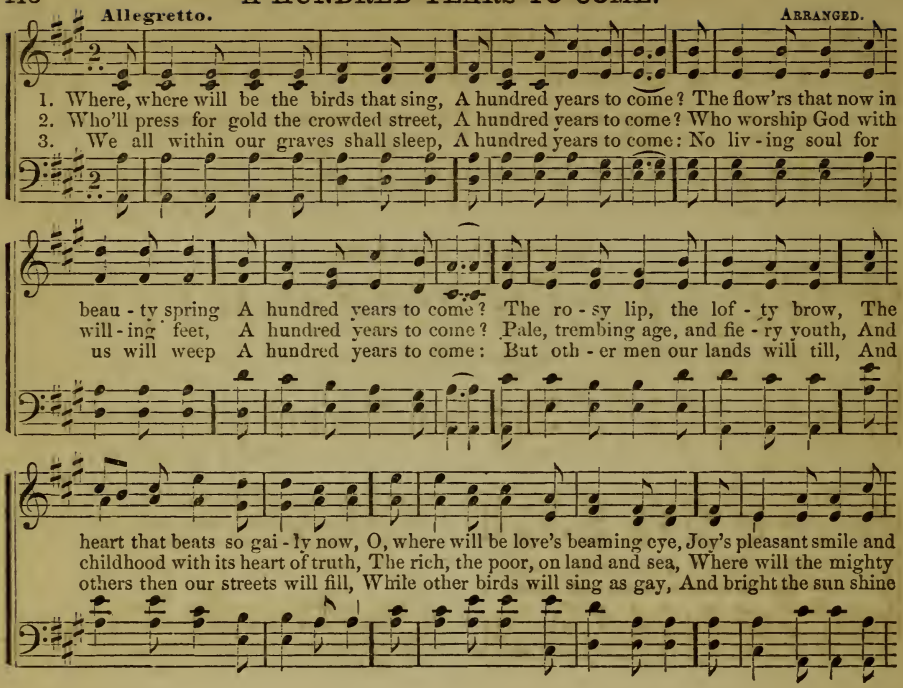
THE CRYSTAL STREAM.

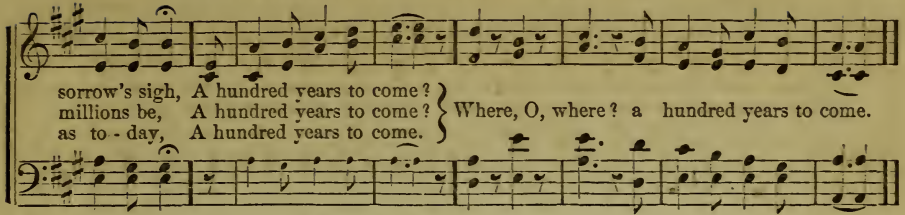
Maestoso. ARRANGED.


1. When we ar - rive at the dis - tant hills, And en - ter our Fa - ther's house in heav'n,
2. With grate - ful hearts we then will tell Of pleas - ant hours re - mem - bered well,
And wan - der a - long by the crys - tal streams, And taste the joys to ser - aphs given,
Of in - no - cent joys and of harm - less mirth, Of scenes of beau - ty given on earth,
For - ev - er, ev - er more! And with prais - es, prais - es, prais - es, our
To cheer us on our way. And we'll praise him, praise him, praise him, while

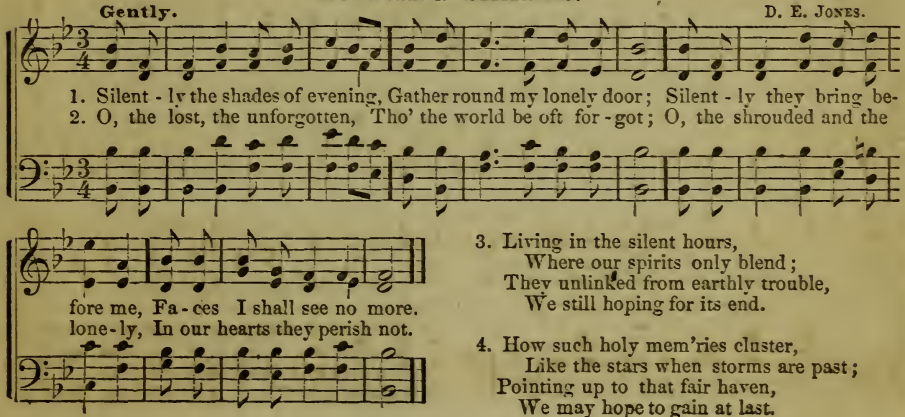

harps shall sound with glad re - bound, The ech - o - ing rocks shall sing for joy,
wait - ing here our hearts will cheer, With all that's pure, and bright, and fair;
For all that's bright, and fair and pure, Our Fa - ther gives our steps t' al - lure,
And when the heaven - ly land we gain, We'll hymns of praise sing loud - er then,
From fol - ly's e - vil way.
In blest e - ter - nal day,
In blest e - ter - nal day.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.


Allegretto.
Arranged.
1. Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flow'rs that now in
2. Who'll press for gold the crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who worship God with
3. We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come: No liv - ing soul for
beau - ty spring A hundred years to come? The ro - sy lip, the lof - ty brow, The
will - ing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembing age, and fie - ry youth, And
us will weep A hundred years to come: But oth - er men our lands will till, And
heart that beats so gai - ly now, O, where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile and
childhood with its heart of truth, The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the mighty
others then our streets will fill, While other birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun shine

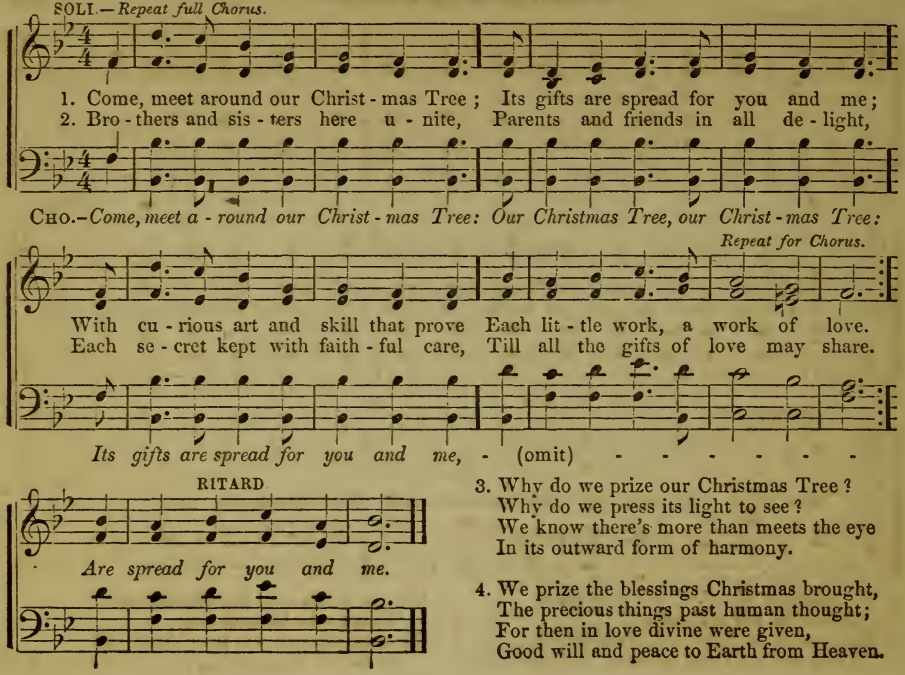

sorrow's sigh, A hundred years to come?
millions be, A hundred years to come?
as to - day, A hundred years to come.
Where, O, where? a hundred years to come.

EVENING SHADES.


Gently.
D. E. Jones.
1. Silent - ly the shades of evening, Gather round my lonely door; Silent - ly they bring be-
2. O, the lost, the unforgotten, Tho' the world be oft for - got; O, the shrouded and the
fore me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.
lone - ly, In our hearts they perish not.

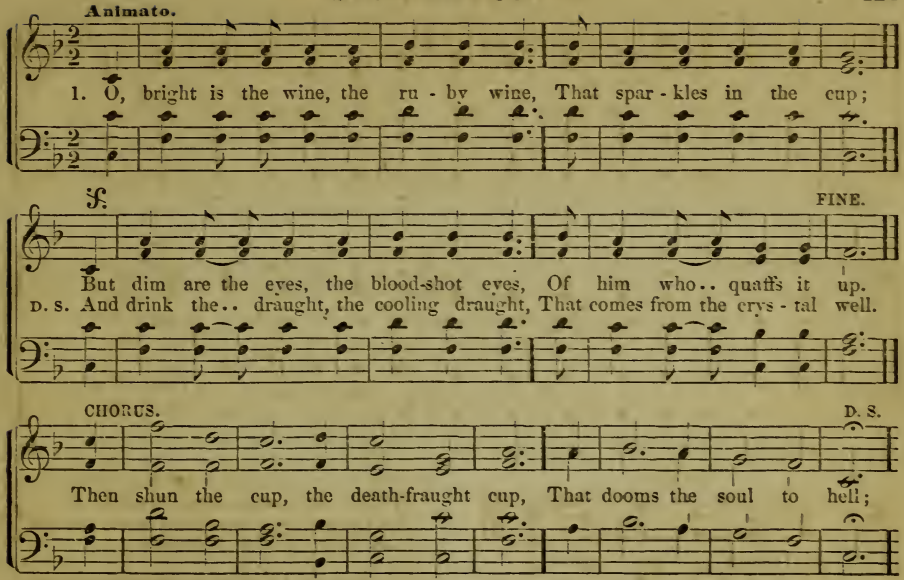
3. Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked from earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4. How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that fair haven,
We may hope to gain at last.


SOLI.—Repeat full Chorus.
1. Come, meet around our Christ - mas Tree ; Its gifts are spread for you and me;
2. Bro - thers and sis - ters here u - nite, Parents and friends in all de - light,
CHO.–Come, meet a - round our Christ - mas Tree: Our Christmas Tree, our Christ - mas Tree:
Repeat for Chorus.
With cu - rious art and skill that prove Each lit - tle work, a work of love.
Each se - cret kept with faith - ful care, Till all the gifts of love may share.
Its gifts are spread for you and me, - (omit) - - - - - -
RITARD
Are spread for you and me.

3. Why do we prize our Christmas Tree ?
Why do we press its light to see ?
We know there's more than meets the eye
In its outward form of harmony.

4. We prize the blessings Christmas brought,
The precious things past human thought;
For then in love divine were given,
Good will and peace to Earth from Heaven.


Animato.
1. O, bright is the wine, the ru - by wine, That spar - kles in the cup;
S.
FINE.
But dim are the eyes, the blood-shot eyes, Of him who.. quaffs it up.
D. S. And drink the.. draught, the cooling draught, That comes from the crys - tal well.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Then shun the cup, the death-fraught cup, That dooms the soul to hell;

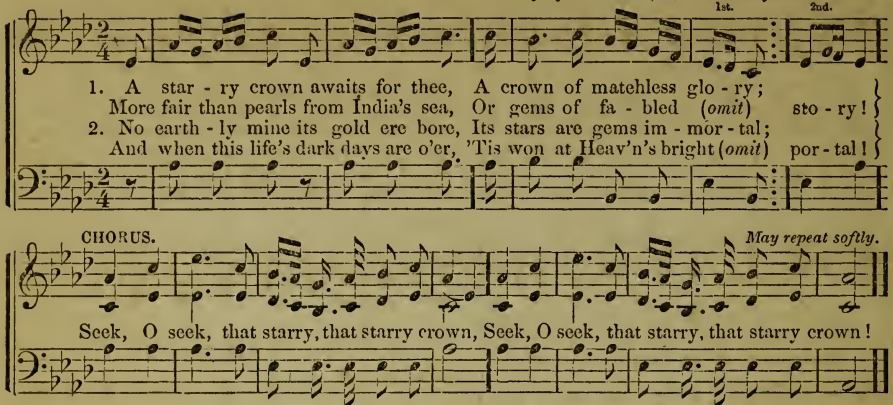
2. Oh, bright is the glow, the rosy glow,
As on the eye it gleams;
But pure is the light, the diamond light,
Of nature's crystral streams. Then shun, &c.

3. Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end,
Of him who heedeth not;
To shun the cup, the treach'rous cup,
So full of danger fraught. Then shun, &c.

THE STARRY CROWN.

SOLO.

Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.—Music by VON WEBER.


1st.
2nd.
1. A star - ry crown awaits for thee, A crown of matchless glo - ry;
More fair than pearls from India's sea, Or gems of fa - bled (omit) sto - ry!
2. No earth - ly mine its gold ere bore, Its stars are gems im - mor - tal;
And when this life's dark days are o'er, 'Tis won at Heav'n's bright (omit) por - tal!
CHORUS.
May repeat softly.
Seek, O seek, that starry, that starry crown, Seek, O seek, that starry, that starry crown!

3. No mortal eye hath ever seen
Its matchless splendor shining,
Its pearly light, its starry sheen—
Its gold needs no refining!—Seek &c.

4. If you this starry crown would wear
Beyond death's darksome river,
The cross of Christ you here must bear—
Then it is yours forever!—Seek &c.

THE ROSY CROWN.

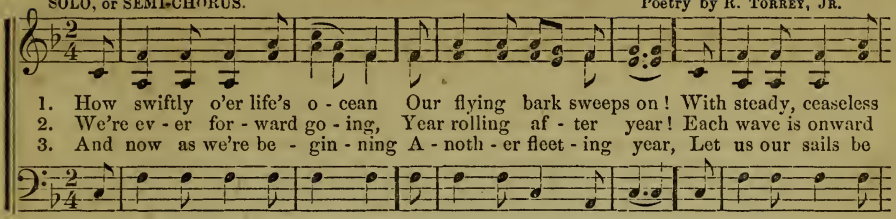
1. A rosy crown we twine for thee,
Of Flora's richest treasure;
We lead thee on with joy and glee,
To mirth and youthful pleasure.
Cho. Take, O, take, the rosy, the rosy crown, &c.

2. We bade the fairest flowers that blow,
Their varied tributes render;
To shine above that brow of snow,
With soft and lovely splendor. *Cho.*

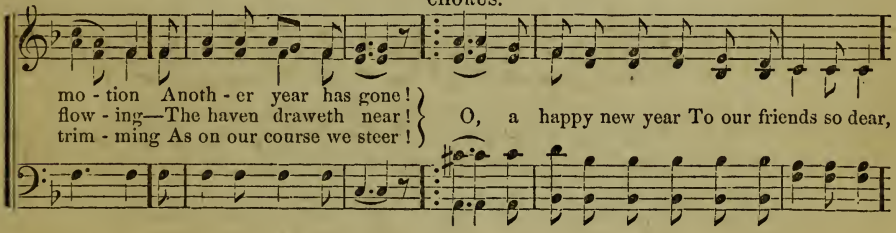
3. Then wear, dear maid, the wreath we twine,
Thy fairy ringlets shading;
And be its charms the type of thine,
In all except in fading. *Cho.*

Dis my delight of a Sunday Night

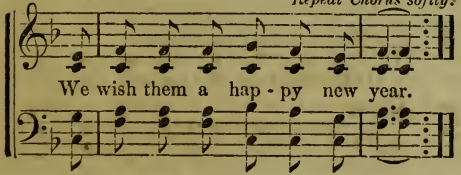
SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS. Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.


1. How swiftly o'er life's o - cean Our flying bark sweeps on! With steady, ceaseless
2. We're ev - er for - ward go - ing, Year rolling af - ter year! Each wave is onward
3. And now as we're be - gin - ning A - noth - er fleet - ing year, Let us our sails be

CHORUS.


mo - tion Anoth - er year has gone!
flow - ing—The haven draweth near!
trim - ming As on our course we steer!
O, a happy new year To our friends so dear,

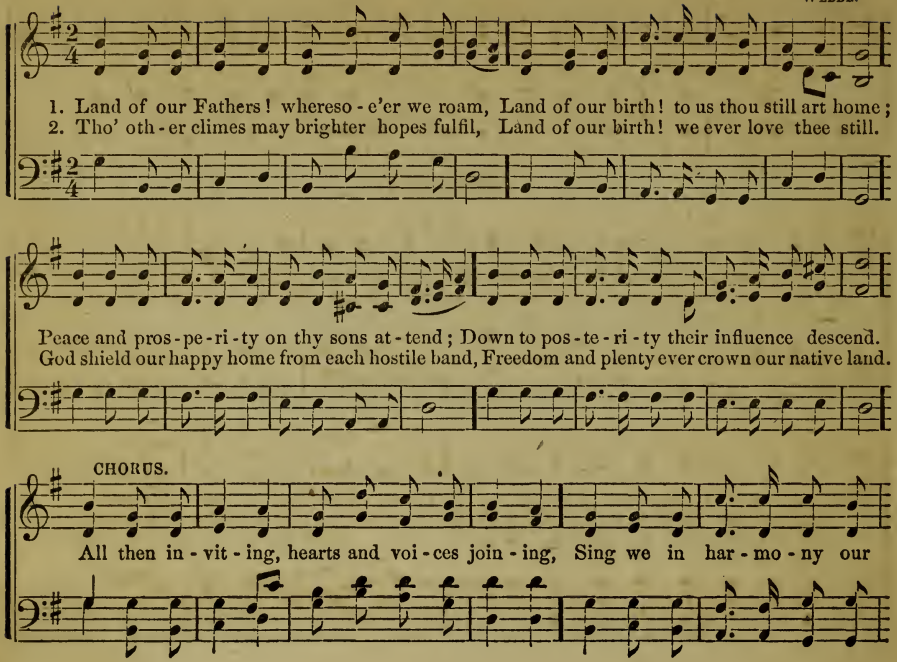
Repeat Chorus softly.

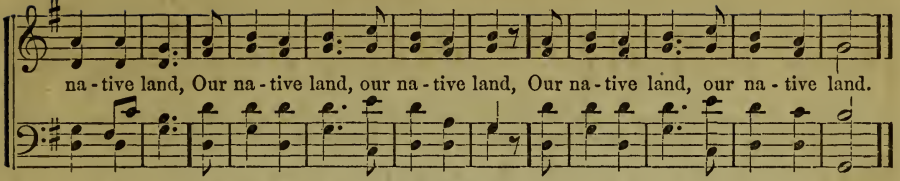


4. We'll spread our chart before us,
Our Father's word, our guide,
And though rude storms sweep o'er us,
We'll safely stem the tide. *Chorus.*

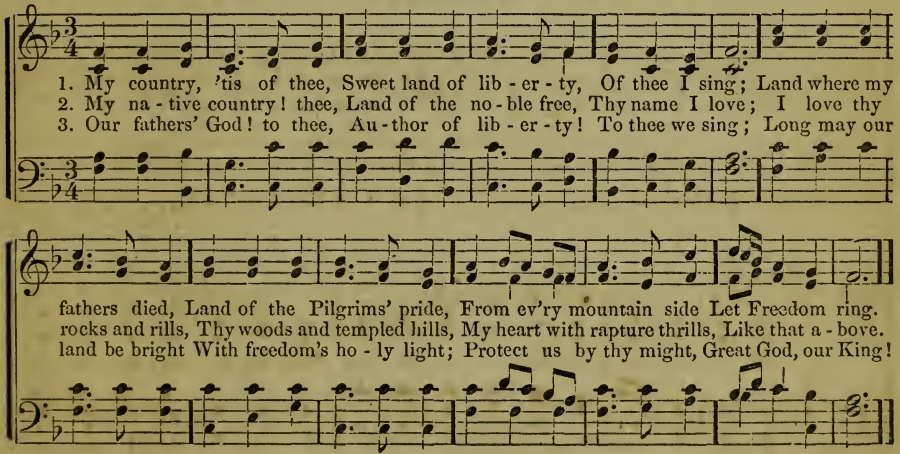
5. And when our barks are stranded
Upon the distant shore,
May we in heav'n be landed,
To dwell there evermore. *Chorus.*

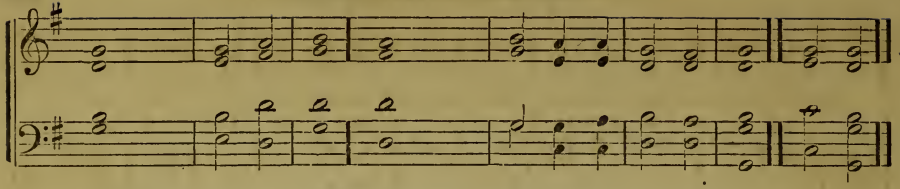
WEBBE.


1. Land of our Fathers! whereso-e'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home;
2. Tho' oth-er climes may brighter hopes fulfil, Land of our birth! we ever love thee still.
Peace and pros-pe-ri-ty on thy sons at-tend; Down to pos-te-ri-ty their influence descend.
God shield our happy home from each hostile band, Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land.
CHORUS.
All then in-vit-ing, hearts and voi-ces join-ing, Sing we in har-mo-ny our


na - tive land, Our na - tive land, our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, our na - tive land.

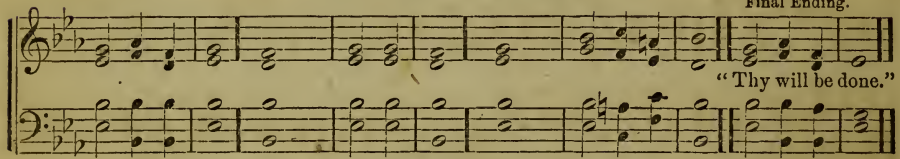
AMERICA.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Our fathers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our
fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let Freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

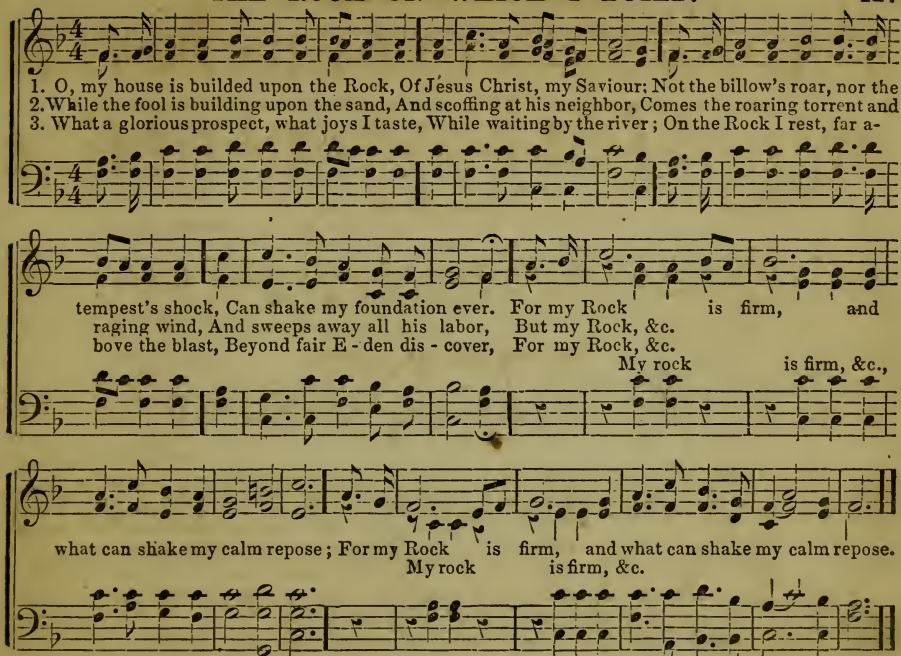


1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name;
   Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, – as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread;
   And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who | tres-pass a- | gainst – | us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
   For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ev – | er. A – | men.

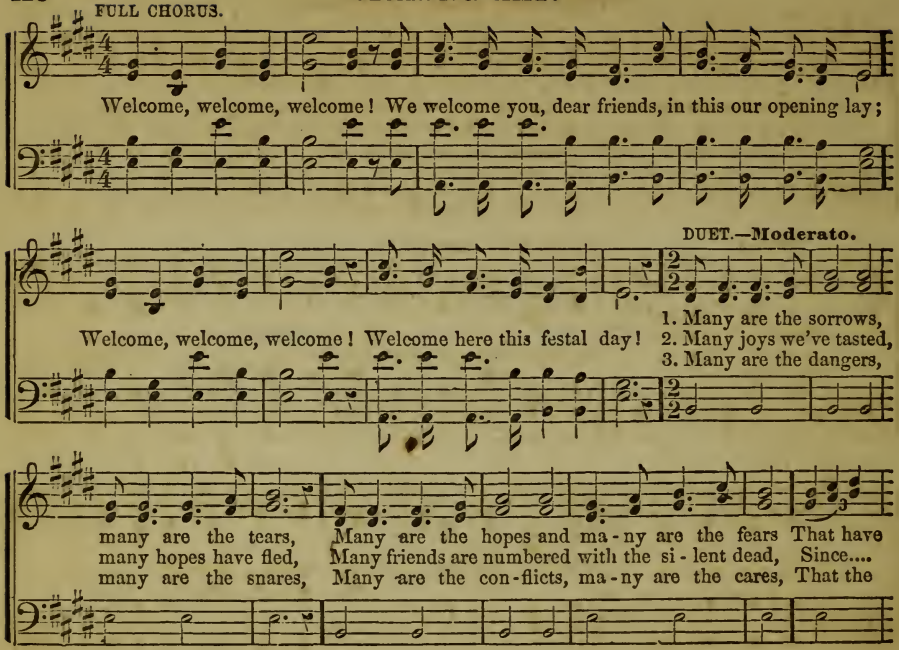
THY WILL BE DONE.

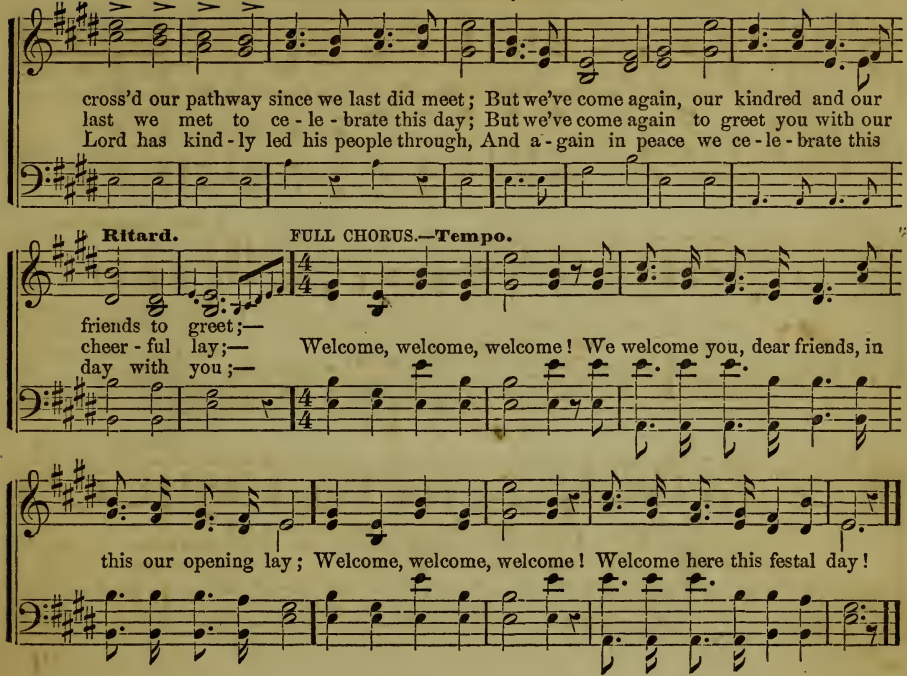


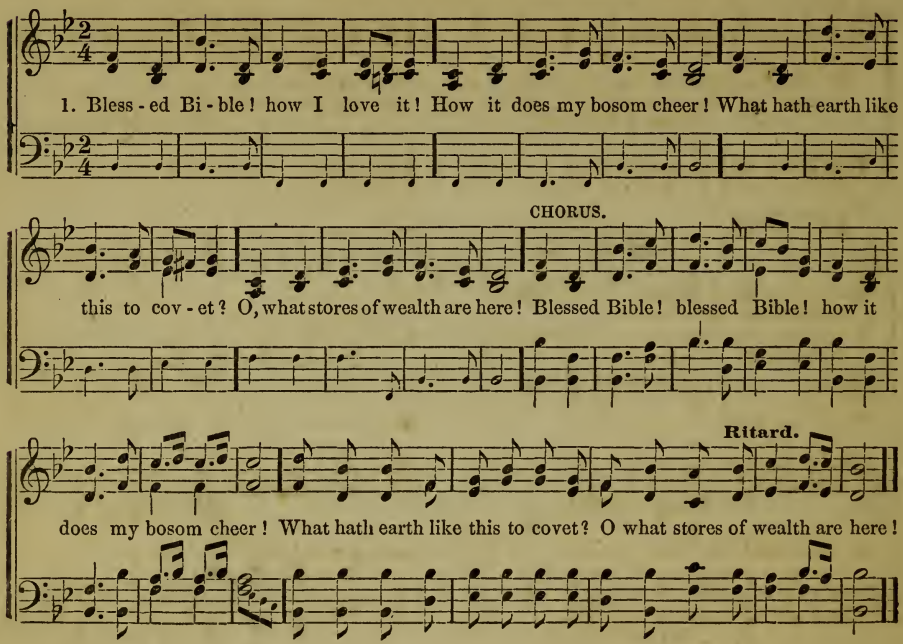
1. "Thy will be done!" In devious ways the hurrying stream of | life may | run;
   Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, "Thy will be done."
2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine a gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun,
   This prayer will make it more divine: "Thy will be done."
3. "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er our | path with | gloom,
   One comfort – one is ours, – to breathe while we adore, "Thy will be done."


1. O, my house is builded upon the Rock, Of Jesus Christ, my Saviour; Not the billow's roar, nor the
2. While the fool is building upon the sand, And scoffing at his neighbor, Comes the roaring torrent and
3. What a glorious prospect, what joys I taste, While waiting by the river; On the Rock I rest, far a-
tempest's shock, Can shake my foundation ever. For my Rock is firm, and
raging wind, And sweeps away all his labor, But my Rock, &c.
bove the blast, Beyond fair E - den dis - cover, For my Rock, &c.
My rock is firm, &c.,
what can shake my calm repose; For my Rock is firm, and what can shake my calm repose.
My rock is firm, &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by ASA HULL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Pennsylvania.


FULL CHORUS.
Welcome, welcome, welcome! We welcome you, dear friends, in this our opening lay;
DUET.—Moderato.
Welcome, welcome, welcome! Welcome here this festal day!
1. Many are the sorrows,
2. Many joys we've tasted,
3. Many are the dangers,
many are the tears, Many are the hopes and ma-ny are the fears That have
many hopes have fled, Many friends are numbered with the si-lent dead, Since....
many are the snares, Many are the con-flicts, ma-ny are the cares, That the


cross'd our pathway since we last did meet; But we've come again, our kindred and our
last we met to ce - le - brate this day; But we've come again to greet you with our
Lord has kind - ly led his people through, And a - gain in peace we ce - le - brate this
Ritard.
FULL CHORUS.—Tempo.
friends to greet;—
cheer - ful lay;—
day with you;—
Welcome, welcome, welcome! We welcome you, dear friends, in
this our opening lay; Welcome, welcome, welcome! Welcome here this festal day!


1. Bless - ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it does my bosom cheer! What hath earth like
CHORUS.
this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here! Blessed Bible! blessed Bible! how it
Ritard.
does my bosom cheer! What hath earth like this to covet? O what stores of wealth are here!

2.
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasure borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.
Blessed Bible, &c.

3.
Yes! I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious word, I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "good cheer!"
Blessed Bible, &c.

4.
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings:
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
Blessed Bible, &c.

5.
Yes! sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes! deeper in this heart!
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Blessed Bible, &c.

6.
Part in death? No, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
Blessed Bible, &c.

SECOND HYMN.

Book of Grace, and Book of Glory,
Gift of God to age and youth,
Wondrous is thy sacred story;
Full of grace and bright with truth.
Blessed Bible, &c.

2.
Book of Love! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
Supreme love and praise to thee.
Blessed Bible, &c.

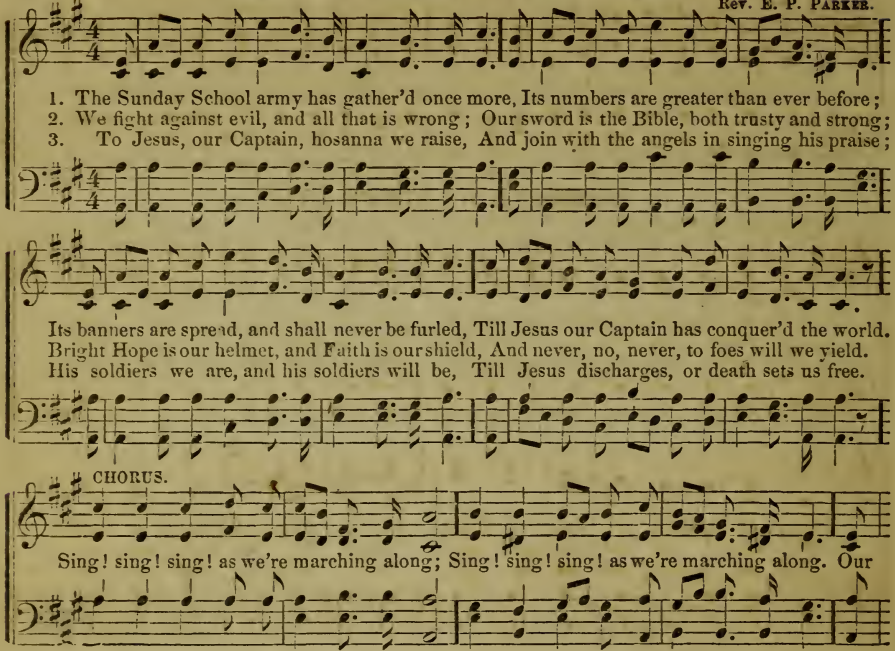
3.
Book of Hope! the spirit sighing,
Consolation finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying
Come ye weary ones to me.
Blessed Bible, &c.

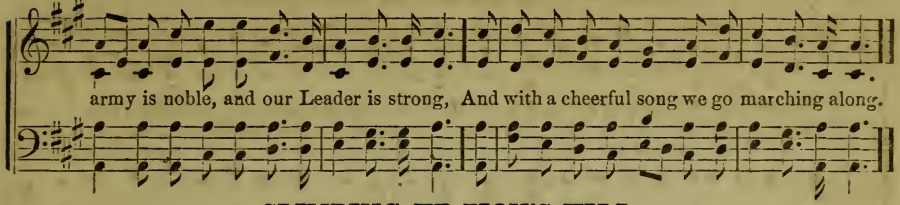
4.
Book of Peace! when nights of sorrow
Fall upon us drearily,
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
Full of hope and full of thee.
Blessed Bible, &c.

5.
Book of Life! when we reposing
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us for the life then closing,
Life and joy in realms above.
Blessed Bible, &c.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF CHILDREN.

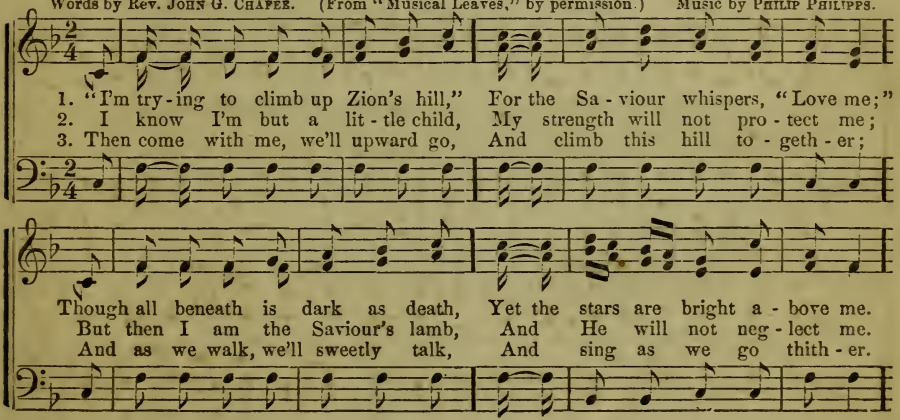
Rev. E. P. Parker.


1. The Sunday School army has gather'd once more, Its numbers are greater than ever before;
2. We fight against evil, and all that is wrong; Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and strong;
3. To Jesus, our Captain, hosanna we raise, And join with the angels in singing his praise;
Its banners are spread, and shall never be furled, Till Jesus our Captain has conquer'd the world.
Bright Hope is our helmet, and Faith is our shield, And never, no, never, to foes will we yield.
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be, Till Jesus discharges, or death sets us free.
CHORUS.
Sing! sing! sing! as we're marching along; Sing! sing! sing! as we're marching along. Our

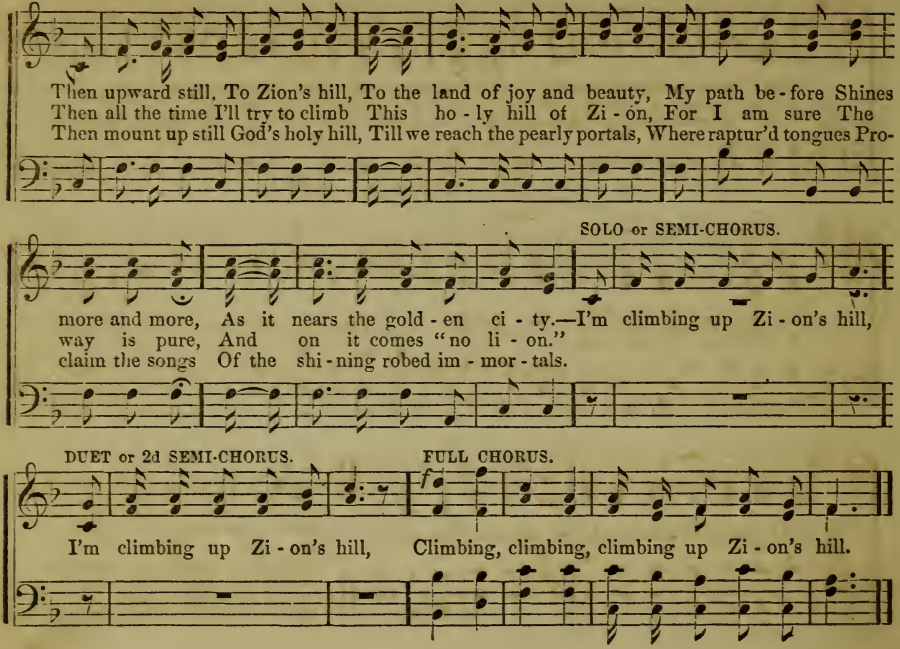


CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

Words by Rev. JOHN G. CHAPEE. (From "Musical Leaves," by permission.) Music by PHILIP PHILIPPS.

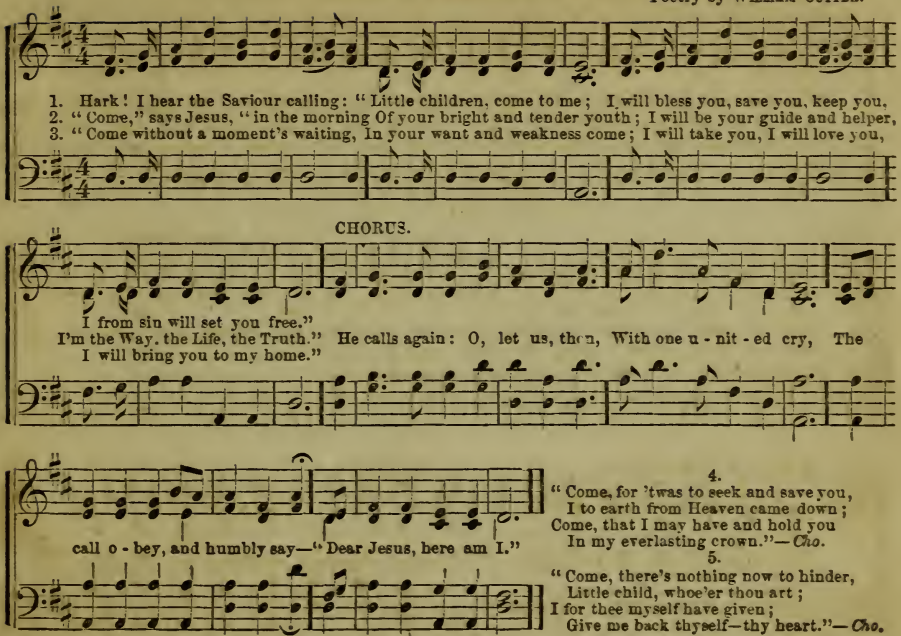

1. "I'm try-ing to climb up Zion's hill," For the Sa-viour whispers, "Love me;"
2. I know I'm but a lit-tle child, My strength will not pro-tect me;
3. Then come with me, we'll upward go, And climb this hill to-geth-er;
Though all beneath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a-bove me.
But then I am the Saviour's lamb, And He will not neg-lect me.
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk, And sing as we go thith-er.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL. (Concluded.)


Then upward still, To Zion's hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path be - fore Shines
Then all the time I'll try to climb This ho - ly hill of Zi - on, For I am sure The
Then mount up still God's holy hill, Till we reach the pearly portals, Where raptur'd tongues Pro-
SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.
more and more, As it nears the gold - en ci - ty.—I'm climbing up Zi - on's hill,
way is pure, And on it comes "no li - on."
claim the songs Of the shi - ning robed im - mor - tals.
DUET or 2d SEMI-CHORUS.
FULL CHORUS.
I'm climbing up Zi - on's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zi - on's hill.

COME UNTO ME.

Poetry by WILLIAM CUTTER.


1. Hark! I hear the Saviour calling: "Little children, come to me; I will bless you, save you, keep you,
2. "Come," says Jesus, "in the morning Of your bright and tender youth; I will be your guide and helper,
3. "Come without a moment's waiting, In your want and weakness come; I will take you, I will love you,
CHORUS.
I from sin will set you free."
I'm the Way, the Life, the Truth." He calls again: O, let us, then, With one u - nit - ed cry, The
I will bring you to my home."
call o - bey, and humbly say—"Dear Jesus, here am I."

4.

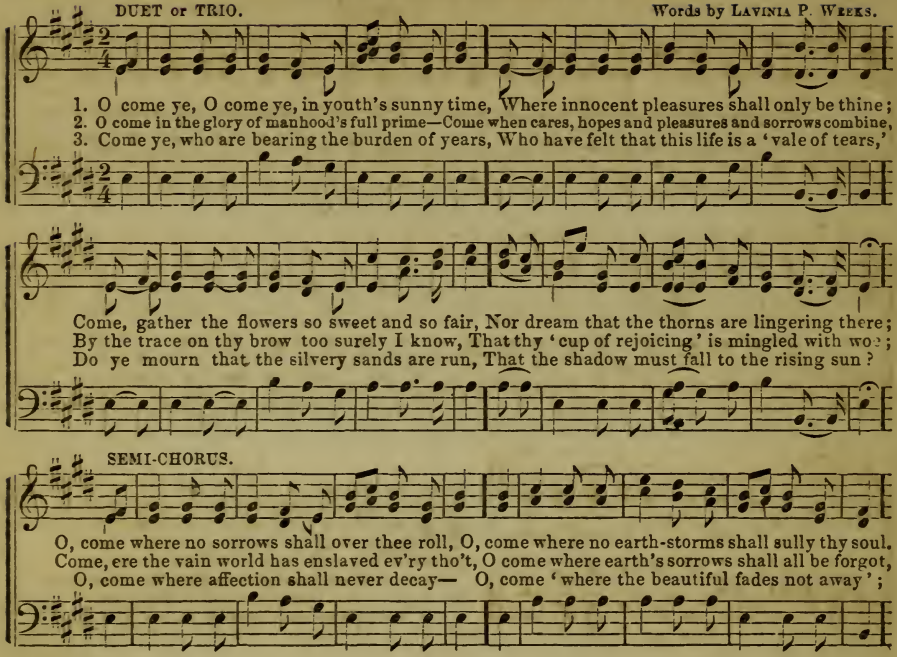
"Come, for 'twas to seek and save you,
I to earth from Heaven came down;
Come, that I may have and hold you
In my everlasting crown."—*Cho.*

5.

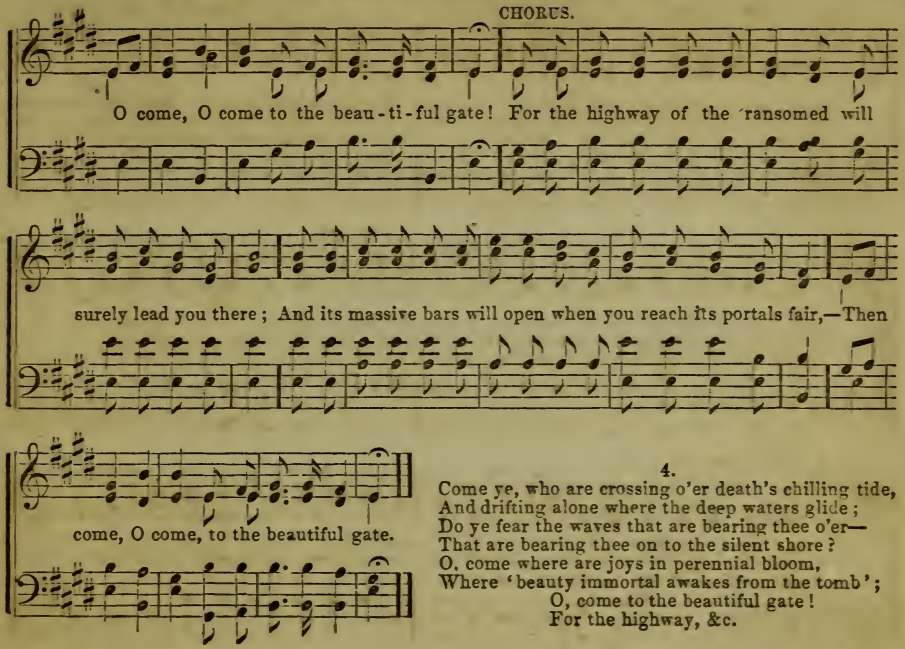
"Come, there's nothing now to hinder,
Little child, whoe'er thou art;
I for thee myself have given;
Give me back thyself—thy heart."—*Cho.*

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

DUET or TRIO. Words by LAVINIA P. WEEKS.


1. O come ye, O come ye, in youth's sunny time, Where innocent pleasures shall only be thine;
2. O come in the glory of manhood's full prime—Come when cares, hopes and pleasures and sorrows combine,
3. Come ye, who are bearing the burden of years, Who have felt that this life is a 'vale of tears,'
Come, gather the flowers so sweet and so fair, Nor dream that the thorns are lingering there;
By the trace on thy brow too surely I know, That thy 'cup of rejoicing' is mingled with woe;
Do ye mourn that the silvery sands are run, That the shadow must fall to the rising sun?
SEMI-CHORUS.
O, come where no sorrows shall over thee roll, O, come where no earth-storms shall sully thy soul.
Come, ere the vain world has enslaved ev'ry tho't, O come where earth's sorrows shall all be forgot,
O, come where affection shall never decay— O, come 'where the beautiful fades not away';

CHORUS.

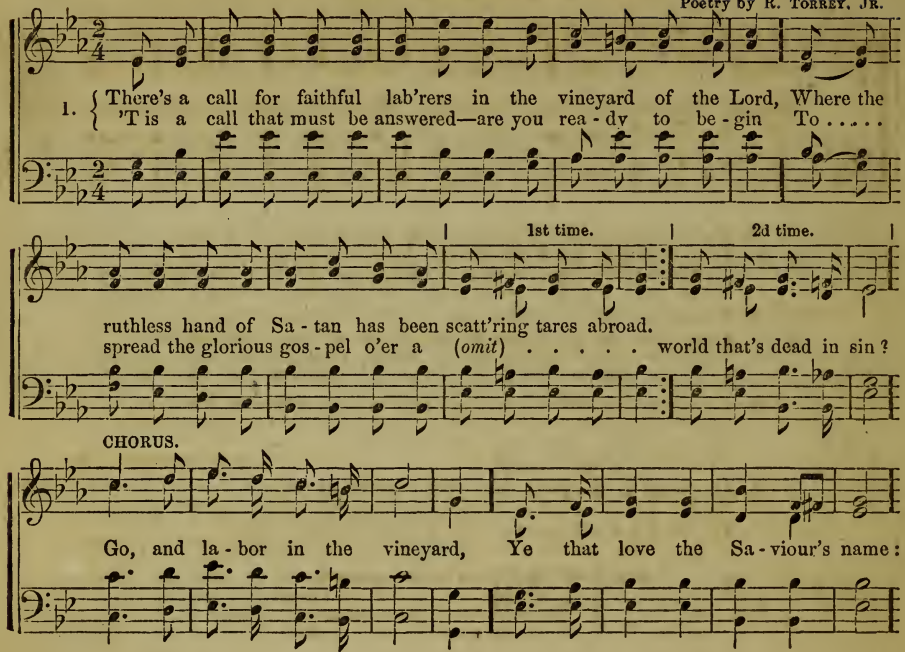

O come, O come to the beau-ti-ful gate! For the highway of the ransomed will
surely lead you there; And its massive bars will open when you reach its portals fair,—Then
come, O come, to the beautiful gate.

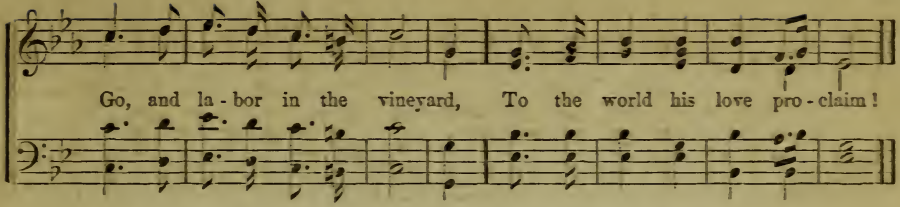
4.

Come ye, who are crossing o'er death's chilling tide,
And drifting alone where the deep waters glide;
Do ye fear the waves that are bearing thee o'er—
That are bearing thee on to the silent shore?
O, come where are joys in perennial bloom,
Where 'beauty immortal awakes from the tomb';
O, come to the beautiful gate!
For the highway, &c.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

Poetry by R. Torrey, Jr.


1. There's a call for faithful lab'rers in the vineyard of the Lord, Where the
'T is a call that must be answered—are you rea - dy to be - gin To . . . . .
1st time.
2d time.
ruthless hand of Sa - tan has been scatt'ring tares abroad.
spread the glorious gos - pel o'er a (omit) . . . . . world that's dead in sin?
CHORUS.
Go, and la - bor in the vineyard, Ye that love the Sa - viour's name:



2. Hark! a cry comes o'er the ocean, from the islands of the sea,
From the heathen and the savage in their dark idolatry—
"Come and help us in our blindness—clear the mists of sin away,
Let the lands that lie in darkness see the gospel's glorious ray!" CHO.

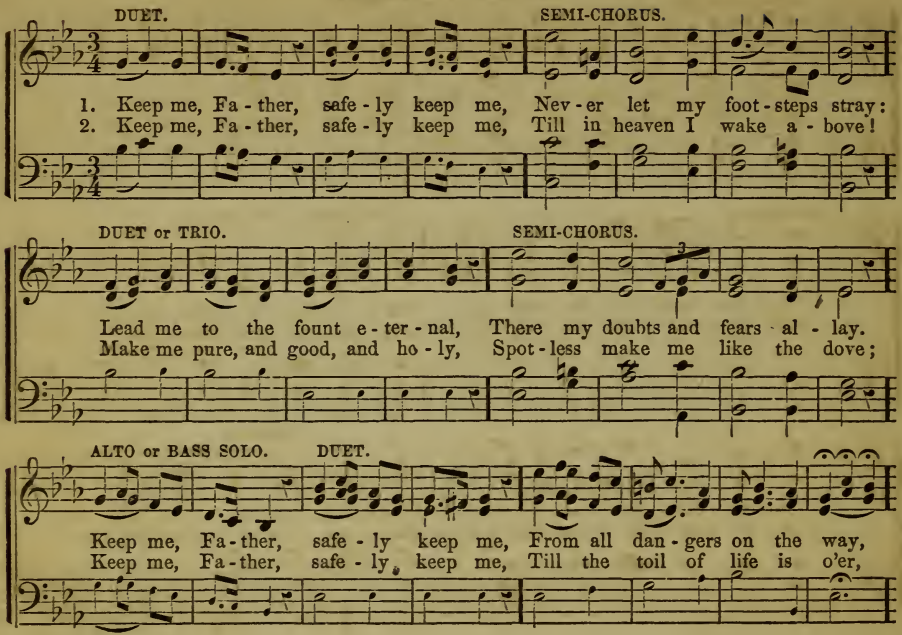
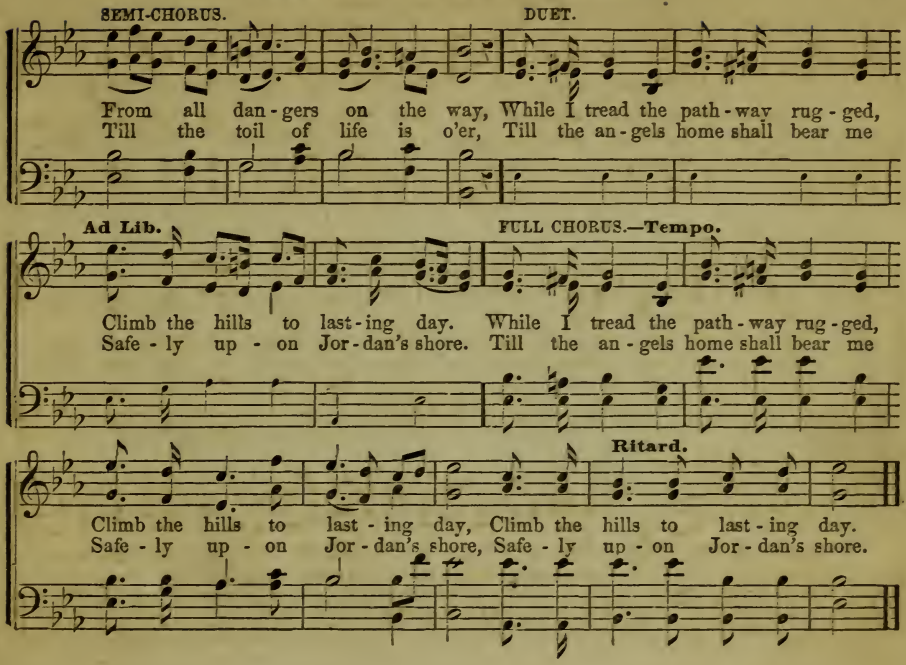
3. But the call for help sounds nearer, in the city's noisy street—
From the friendless and the homeless, who with weary aching feet
Tread the ways of death unheeded, save by His all seeing eye
That can count the stars of heaven, and yet marks the sparrow die! CHO.

4. Lo! the field is white for harvest, but the reapers they are few,
And the hand that wields the sickle must be bold and strong and true;
For the fields in which we labor spread far over sea and land,—
"Preach my gospel to all nations," was our Saviour's great command! CHO.

5. All around us and about us there is work for us to do—
We that call the Lord our Saviour must e'en labor for him too;
Till our day of life is over,—then how great is the reward
Of the faithful who have labored in the vineyard of the Lord!

CHORUS.—Go and labor in the vineyard,
Ye that love the Saviour's name!
Go and labor in the vineyard
To the world His love proclaim!

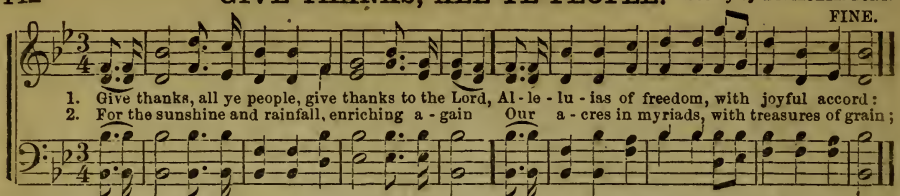
KEEP ME, FATHER.

(SUITABLE FOR A CLOSING PIECE.)

DUET.
SEMI-CHORUS.
1. Keep me, Fa - ther, safe - ly keep me, Nev - er let my foot - steps stray:
2. Keep me, Fa - ther, safe - ly keep me, Till in heaven I wake a - bove!
DUET or TRIO.
SEMI-CHORUS.
Lead me to the fount e - ter - nal, There my doubts and fears al - lay.
Make me pure, and good, and ho - ly, Spot - less make me like the dove;
ALTO or BASS SOLO.
DUET.
Keep me, Fa - ther, safe - ly keep me, From all dan - gers on the way,
Keep me, Fa - ther, safe - ly keep me, Till the toil of life is o'er,

SEMI-CHORUS.
DUET.
From all dan-gers on the way, While I tread the path-way rug-ged,
Till the toil of life is o'er, Till the an-gels home shall bear me
Ad Lib.
FULL CHORUS.—Tempo.
Climb the hills to last-ing day. While I tread the path-way rug-ged,
Safe-ly up-on Jor-dan's shore. Till the an-gels home shall bear me
Ritard.
Climb the hills to last-ing day, Climb the hills to last-ing day.
Safe-ly up-on Jor-dan's shore, Safe-ly up-on Jor-dan's shore.

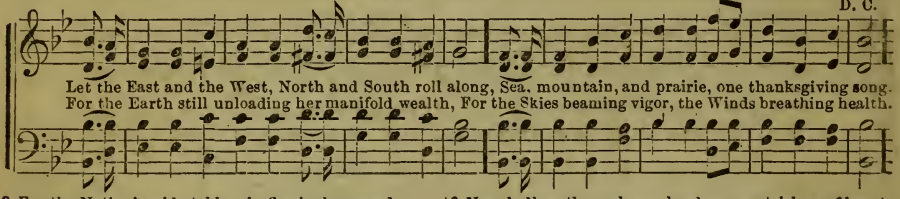
GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

Poetry by Dr. MUHLENBURG.

FINE.


1. Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord, Al - le - lu - ias of freedom, with joyful accord:
2. For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching a - gain Our a - cres in myriads, with treasures of grain;
Chorus.—Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord, Al - le - lu - ias of freedom, with joyful ac - cord.

D. C.


Let the East and the West, North and South roll along, Sea, mountain, and prairie, one thanksgiving song.
For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth, For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health.

3 For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage their God-given rights to enthrall,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all:
Give thanks—

4 In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow;
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales,
On His Ocean domain chant His name with the gales.
Give thanks—

5 Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts:
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks—

6 Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead in the joy have no part:
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks—

7 In the Domes of Messiah, ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Union to keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks—

8 Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, as Thy gift we adore,
‖: And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er all in the Land. :‖
Give thanks—

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